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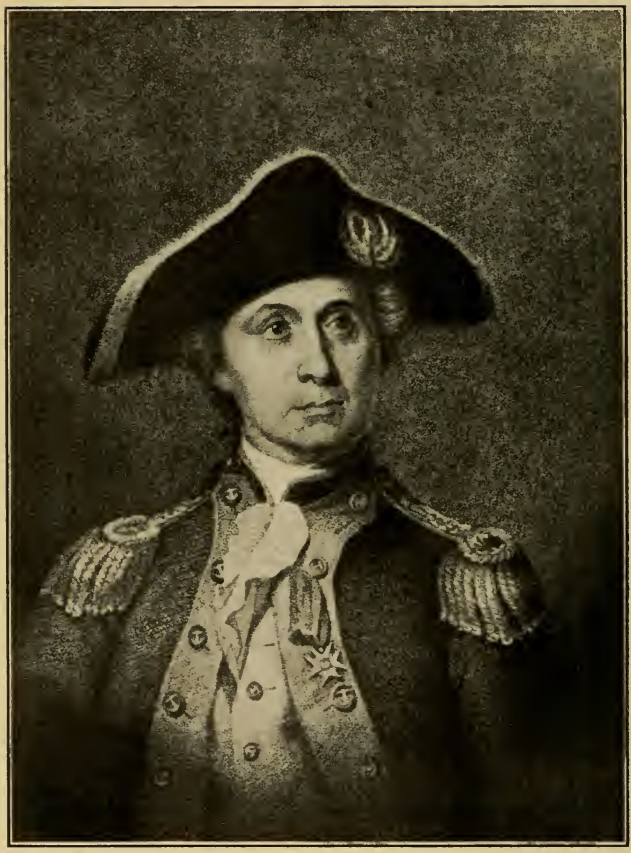

JOHN PAUL JONES

"I have ever looked out for the honour of the American Flag."

JOHN PAUL JONES

BY

L. FRANK TOOKER

ILLUSTRATED

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

An Adventurous Boyhood 1

CHAPTER II

Some Early Victories 14

CHAPTER III

Preparing for Europe 32

CHAPTER IV

Saluting the Stars and Stripes 39

CHAPTER V

Fights in the Irish Sea 51

CHAPTER VI

The Trials of a Victor 74

CHAPTER VII

In the Bay of Biscay 97

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE

DELAYS AND DISCOURAGEMENTS 111

CHAPTER IX

"GOING INTO HARM'S WAY" 120

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT FIGHT 131

CHAPTER XI

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLUE 146

CHAPTER XII

THE ENMITY OF LANDAIS 160

CHAPTER XIII

STORM AND SUNSHINE 170

CHAPTER XIV

WITH THE RUSSIAN FLEET 183

CHAPTER XV

FRIENDSHIPS AND HONORS 206

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PORTRAIT OF JOHN PAUL JONES . .	*Frontispiece*
TABLET ON BADGER'S ISLAND	48
JOHN PAUL JONES. STATUE	98
BATTLE BETWEEN THE *SERAPIS* AND THE *BON HOMME RICHARD*	138
MEDAL AWARDED TO JOHN PAUL JONES . . .	186
THE CHAPEL AT ANNAPOLIS	208

JOHN PAUL JONES

CHAPTER I

An Adventurous Boyhood

The Solway Firth, an arm of the Irish Sea, drives a broad wedge of salt water between Scotland and England almost up to the Cheviot Hills. Hills and firth formed the natural defenses of Scotland in the old days when she fought with England, and the raiders of both countries were constantly crossing the border to lay waste and harry. It is a region of romance and adventure, and every yard of its soil has its story. From the hills of Arbigland, on the Scottish side of the firth, one can look across the blue waters to the peaks of Skiddaw, Saddleback; and Helvellyn, Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, names that the Lake poets have made famous, lie just beyond. To the east rise the Cheviot Hills. The sails of fishing-boats dot the Solway, and from the larger ports, like Whitehaven, on the English shore,

ships go out to foreign lands. Every tradition of the people and every prospect must call to a boy of spirit to go forth on strange and perilous adventures.

With certainty they called to one boy who first saw the light of day in a little stone cottage at Arbigland on the 6th of July, 1747. John Paul was his name. His father, a native of Leith, shortly after his marriage to Jeannie MacDuff had gone to Arbigland as gardener on the large estate of a country squire of the name of Robert Craik. His brother George occupied a similar position at St. Mary's Isle, the adjoining estate of the Earl of Selkirk. The latter estate bordered the River Dee, on which the small seaport of Kirkcudbright is situated, and here John Paul passed much of his early boyhood with his uncle. In Kirkcudbright and in Carsethorn, at the mouth of the River Nith, he met many sailors and talked with them, and learned to sail a boat well. It was the beginning of his study in the great school of adventure, and doubtless made a far greater impression on his sensitive mind than did the work of the parish school at Kirkbean, where, however, he was said to be a good student.

But it was a time of adventure, and Great Britain was busily colonizing the New World.

John Paul's eldest brother, William, and his cousin had already gone thither when at twelve he, too, set sail for Virginia as an apprenticed sailor on the *Friendship*, a vessel of Whitehaven owned by a Mr. Younger. The *Friendship* sailed for a port on the Rappahannock River not far from Fredericksburg, where John Paul's brother had settled, and with him the young sailor passed most of his time while ashore, gaining his first impression of the land that, as he said later in life, had always been the goal of his dreams.

Little is known of his early life at sea beyond the fact that he was a good seaman and gave much time to the study of his profession. With the growth of his knowledge his ambition appears to have widened, for on losing his berth on the *Friendship*, through the business failure of her owner, he applied to the Duke of Queensberry to assist him in entering the navy. In boyhood he had met the duke at St. Mary's Isle, and upon the latter's recommendation John Paul received his appointment as midshipman in the royal navy. There he remained long enough to see that merit without influence was of little avail in the matter of advancement, and he resigned his position to return to the merchant service. The short experience was undoubtedly of great value to him.

Too much cannot be expected of a mere midshipman, but John Paul must have employed his brief time in the navy to good purpose, for in the letters that he afterward wrote to Joseph Hewes and Robert Morris of the needs of the new navy his suggestions were both wise and practical. He also, at about this time, advocated the establishment of a naval school not unlike the one that has since won honor at Annapolis.

In that day of great colonizing adventures men's thoughts turned specially to the golden tropics. In the development of those fruitful regions labor was urgently needed, and in a way the constantly warring tribes of the west coast of Africa stood ready to supply the demand. Along the Bight of Benin, on the Gulf of Guinea, barracoons, or stockades, were everywhere built, whither whole villages — men, women, and children — were brought by their captors and confined there until they could be transferred to the slave-ships that plied their trade between this coast and tropical America, the main dumping-ground being the West Indies. In gangs the naked negroes were taken aboard the slavers, to be literally packed in the dark and noisome holds, with no air beyond what could reach them through the small grated hatchways. From heat in sum-

mer and cold in winter, with insufficient food and water, the captives died by the score on the long voyage. Yet even with the great loss of life, the trade paid enormous profits, and the foundations of many great fortunes were laid at this time by merchants and shipowners of cities like Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol, who did not consider it beneath either their principles or their dignity to embark in the trade.

It was into this sorry branch of seafaring life that John Paul now entered. He went out to the slave coast as third mate of the *King George*, and later he sailed as the first mate of the *Two Friends*.

For two years he remained in the trade, and then, in 1768, left his vessel in the island of Jamaica, thoroughly sick of the horrors that he was constantly forced to see. In a letter written by John Philip Kemble it is stated that at this time, while without employment, John Paul was for a brief period a member of the company of John Moody, a well-known Irish actor, who was then in Jamaica, appearing in the part of young *Bevil* in "The Conscious Lover." Doubtless it was a mere makeshift in an hour of need, for about this time John Paul took passage for Kirkcudbright in the *John*, a brigantine belonging to that port of his boyhood. It was in a way a fortunate chance

that led him aboard the *John*, for on the homeward voyage both captain and first mate died, and upon John Paul fell the duty of navigating the vessel to port. In reward of this, on her next voyage to Jamaica he went out as her master.

On his second voyage as captain, while unloading at the island of Tobago, in the West Indies, he was forced by the disorderly conduct of the men to flog Mungo Maxwell, the ship's carpenter. It was a frequent enough punishment on shipboard in those days, but Maxwell went to James Simpson, a judge of the vice-admiralty court of the island, and entered a complaint against the captain. After a personal examination of the alleged wounds, the judge dismissed the complaint, and six weeks later Maxwell, in good health, left the island on a vessel bound for Barcelona, Spain. It was not until after he had returned to Scotland that John Paul learned that Maxwell had died on the way to Barcelona and that his death was attributed by his friends to the flogging received in Tobago. The two principals in the unfortunate affair were from the same part of Scotland, and naturally the story came to the ears of John Paul's friends and neighbors. His own family was of course distressed, and many in the neighborhood believed

the tale, among them the Robert Craik on whose estate John Paul had been born.

John Paul had left the command of the *John* in April, 1771, and doubtless the story worked against him in his attempts to secure another command in the same trade, for it is known that for several months he sailed on the small coasting vessels running between the Isle of Man and neighboring ports in England and Scotland. Long afterward, when his name had become a bugbear to the people of Great Britain, it was declared that at this period he had really been engaged in smuggling, though this John Paul indignantly denied. The fact that the records of his clearance-papers are preserved in the custom-house at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, seem to prove his point. A smuggler has small use for a custom-house.

He was living under a cloud when, with grim determination to prove his innocence, he again set sail for Tobago. On his former voyage to the island he had made friends with many of its best people, and now both William Young, the governor, and James Simpson, the judge before whom Maxwell had gone, came to his aid. Judge Simpson knew all the facts of the case and wholly freed John Paul from blame. Not to leave anything un-

done, John Paul even obtained another affidavit from James Eastment, the master of the vessel on which Maxwell set sail for Barcelona, in which he declared that Maxwell had come aboard his vessel in good health, but later, on the voyage, had died of a fever. This document John Paul deposited with the lord mayor of London on January 30, 1773.

He had been particularly hurt by the unfriendliness of Mr. Craik, his old patron, and in a feeling letter to his family he sent a copy of Judge Simpson's affidavit to be given to Mr. Craik. Years afterward John Paul's family declared that Mr. Craik had been fully convinced of the falsity of the story. But the young man had been deeply hurt. He was sensitive and high-spirited, and never again visited his old home. Indeed, he never saw his family again, though he often wrote, and aided his mother as much as was possible.

But freed at last from the injustice of the Maxwell affair, he was again able to take up seafaring life with new energy. He succeeded in buying a London vessel named the *Betsey*, and having taken aboard a cargo at Cork, early in 1773 again set sail for the West Indies, arriving at Tobago in April. Having persuaded a planter named Archibald Stuart to enter into partnership with

him, he unloaded his cargo, and was taking aboard a return cargo for Europe when a new and greater misfortune overtook him and changed his whole life. Yet here is a curious illustration of the strange working of fate. If this untoward event had not taken place, it is more than probable that John Paul would have remained John Paul to the end, a worthy Scottish mariner, but that is all. But the affair that seemingly ruined him and made him a wanderer set his feet by some strange chance in the path that led to fame.

He paid off his officers, but probably being short of funds, hoped to hold back the wages of his seamen until he reached Europe. It is more than likely, too, that he feared to lose his men if their wages were paid. But they demanded their wages, and while hastening the loading of his vessel he came aboard one morning only to face a drunken and mutinous crew, already preparing to desert. Naturally he protested, and in defending himself against the murderous assault of the ringleader, he killed the man with his sword.

Now, the seafaring life was not a gentle calling in that day, — indeed, it is not in this, — and many a ship's master went brutally about enforcing his orders with never a thought of retribution overtaking him. Perhaps the main reason why

John Paul was less fortunate lay in the fact that the two mischances that brought him trouble happened in port and not on the high seas. The difference was vital.

Undoubtedly he was justified by every rule of the sea, as well as by the right that a man has either on sea or land to defend his own life; but in this case he seems to have been poorly advised. He now went to his old friend Judge Simpson and offered to give himself up, but was told that that would be unnecessary until his case came to trial, and court was not in session at the time. Exactly why he did what he now decided upon will never be known, but leaving his vessel and her cargo in the care of his partner, Archibald Stuart, with the aid of friends, he secretly left the island. From June, 1773, until the close of 1775 a cloud of mystery surrounds him. Whether at any time in this long period he really became a "gentleman of fortune," a mild name by which pirates are wont to call themselves in fiction, no one can prove. At that time the distinction between pirates and privateers was very slight, and in the English mind at least all the attributes of piracy were conferred upon the numerous Spanish vessels that at that period preyed upon British shipping sailing the Spanish Main. Long after this time

there was printed privately the account of one Thomas Chase of Martha's Vineyard in which it was stated that, when Chase was a young man, a small vessel once came to anchor in Holmes Hole in the autumn of 1773. He said that she was well armed and very fast. It was his fortune to meet and talk with her captain, who gave his name as Paul Jones. The crew, he declared, were a set of Spanish and Portuguese desperadoes. Subsequently Chase shipped on an American privateer, but, having been captured by a British man-of-war, was for two years held as a prisoner in Plymouth, England. On his release he again met, this time in L'Orient, France, the Paul Jones of the supposedly piratical craft, now Captain Paul Jones of the American navy, and commander of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Having shipped with him, Chase was in the fight of the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. Of course it is not wholly impossible that, in his flight from Tobago, John Paul had found his way aboard one of the Spanish rovers that sailed the Spanish Main, though one would hardly expect to find him so soon the captain of one.

But wherever he may have been, or whatever the sort of life that he had led in the interval, early in the year 1775 he appears to have landed in

the port of Edenton, North Carolina. Tradition states that he was now befriended by Willie Jones, a man of wealth and position. With the well-known hospitality of the South, John Paul was received into Jones's house, and there had his first opportunity to associate with people of culture and refinement. The chance brought him, too, the opportunity for which fate seemed preparing him. The country was already seething with the spirit that brought on the American Revolution, and in this atmosphere John Paul's imagination was fired for the cause of liberty. It seems more than mere chance, then, that he should here fall in with Joseph Hewes, a man who was to remain his lifelong friend and who was well able to start him on the career for which he was best fitted. Hewes was a shipbuilder, a member of the first Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and later a member of the first naval committee appointed by Congress. When Hewes, in May, 1775, went north to attend the meeting of Congress, John Paul was impelled to follow him. Tradition declares that, on leaving the hospitable home of Willie Jones, John Paul asked for, and received, the privilege of using the name of Jones as his surname. If Thomas Clark's account is true, John Paul had already used the

name as early as the autumn of 1773, when he landed on Martha's Vineyard. However all this may be explained, he appeared at the doors of Congress as John Paul Jones, and under that name began the career that was to enroll him among the naval heroes of a new nation.

CHAPTER II

Some Early Victories

Hewes and Paul Jones had gone to Philadelphia in May, 1775, and although the question of forming a navy had been discussed from time to time during the summer, it was autumn before any definite steps were taken. Then word came that two unarmed transports, with valuable cargoes of military supplies for the British army, had left England for Quebec; and with the desire to intercept and capture the vessels, Congress appointed a committee of three men — Silas Deane of Connecticut, John Langdon of New Hampshire, and Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina — to make definite plans.

Upon the report of the committee, Washington, now commander in chief of the army, was asked to borrow two vessels belonging to Massachusetts to be fitted out against the transports. However,

the members from Rhode Island had already recommended to Congress the establishment of a national fleet, and after a long and bitter debate, in which the fear was expressed that the plan would bankrupt the Government, the Rhode Island suggestion was carried, and the naval committee of three men was instructed to look into the matter of purchasing vessels. The committee made its report, and on October 13 a resolution was passed by Congress, ordering the committee to proceed at once to purchase two fast vessels, one of ten guns, the other of fourteen. In compliance with the order, the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal* were bought, these two thus becoming the distinguished forerunners of the long line that was to become famous through such names as the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Constitution*, the *Kearsarge*, and the *Monitor*. A few days later, on October 30, the naval committee was enlarged, John Adams of Massachusetts, Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and Joseph Hewes of North Carolina being the new members. On the same day it having been ordered that two larger vessels, one of thirty-six guns and one of twenty, be purchased, the *Alfred* and the *Columbus* were straightway added to the fleet. The enthusiasm for a navy now rapidly grew, and on

December 13 Congress passed a resolution to add thirteen new vessels to the navy and increased the size of the naval committee to one member from each colony. A few days later a commander in chief of the navy, four captains, and several lieutenants were appointed. Ezek Hopkins of Rhode Island was the first commander in chief, but the first name on the list of lieutenants was that of John Paul Jones, who, owing to the fact that he had come up to Philadelphia from Edenton in the train of Joseph Hewes and was nominated by that gentleman, was called the lieutenant from North Carolina.

Though this was the beginning of the American navy as authorized by Congress, the honor of being the first naval officer has long been a matter of dispute. Washington, as commander in chief of the army, at an earlier date had given commissions to the captains of several small vessels to cruise in the track of British transports bringing army supplies to Boston, and Captain John Manly had been the first of those thus commissioned. In the *Lee*, in a cruise that began near the end of November, he had succeeded in capturing and bringing to port four transports. But the *Lexington*, the first ship purchased by Congress, was also the first to sail under general orders from Congress,

and had put to sea under the command of Captain John Barry, who had reached America in the *Black Prince*, later purchased and renamed the *Alfred*. The honor of being the first officer in the navy seems to lie between these two men, therefore, the relative value of a commission from Washington or Congress being the chief point of debate.

At a later date John Paul Jones stated that shortly after his appointment was received he had been offered the command of the *Providence* and then of the *Fly*, both small vessels, but he had refused both offers for a lieutenancy on the *Alfred*, on the ground of the greater opportunity for activity on the flagship, and the benefit to be derived from sailing under men of greater experience than he possessed. Both his reasons were in time to prove disappointing. At the outset his choice appeared a good one. Neither Hopkins nor Dudley Saltonstall, the commander in chief and the captain appointed to the *Alfred*, had yet arrived in Philadelphia, and the task of fitting out the flagship fell to Jones. He worked with his usual speed and skill, and by the time Hopkins arrived the ship was ready to sail. As a reward for his activity, it is said that Hopkins promised Jones the command of the ship; but Saltonstall

appearing shortly before the squadron sailed, he retained the command.

It was January before the commander in chief boarded the vessel, under orders from Congress to sail at once in the attempt to destroy the fleet of Lord Dunmore, which had been harrying the coast of Virginia. By some strange mischance, no one seems to have made a note of the exact date. It was a cold, clear day, and all Philadelphia had gathered to watch the sailing of the fleet of eight vessels. Early in the morning a barge brought Hopkins off to the *Alfred*. As he stepped over the side, at a command from Captain Saltonstall, Paul Jones ran up the first flag to float over an American man-of-war. Of course the flag was not the one we know to-day as the national ensign, but a curious banner of yellow silk, bearing the representation of a rattlesnake coiled at the foot of a pine-tree, with the words, "Don't tread on me."

There appears to have been little chance of any one's doing so. The rattlesnake is not noted for swiftness in putting itself into harm's way, and in this respect at least the new squadron did not depart from that characteristic of its symbol. Hopkins lost so much valuable time in putting to sea that he was caught in the ice, and it was not until February was half gone that he was at last

fairly clear of the land. Though he had been directed by Congress to go in pursuit of Lord Dunmore, his orders had given him power to ignore this direction of Congress if it conflicted with his own better judgment. At the last moment it did conflict, and leaving Lord Dunmore's fleet behind, he headed his own squadron toward the Bahamas.

On nearing the islands, two small sloops were captured, and learning from their crews that the forts of New Providence held a large store of powder, and were poorly garrisoned, Hopkins determined to make an attack on the forts. Unfortunately, he approached the coast in broad daylight, and, having thus given warning of danger, delayed his attack. He himself proposed to land his attacking party on the west coast, but, as Paul Jones pointed out, there was no anchorage there for the ships and no road overland to Nassau; before the landing party could reach the town, the governor would have ample time to prepare an adequate defense. Jones himself advised that the fleet sail around to the east coast and work in behind a small island, where there was a good harbor, with only a short distance to cover on land. Hopkins agreed to this, but on his refusal to permit the men of the captured sloops to pilot the squadron up to its anchorage, Paul Jones him-

self went aloft and brought the fleet safely in. The landing party sailed up the eastern passage to within four miles of Fort Montague, then marched upon Nassau, and took possession of both town and fort without the loss of a man. Early the next morning the squadron sailed into the harbor and seized a hundred cannon and a large quantity of stores, but owing to their lack of care in approaching the island, the governor had had ample time to load his vessels with powder and send them away in the night. Even the modified success was due wholly to Jones, and this was all the more marked because it was the only success of the cruise. Two weeks after the departure of the squadron from the Bahamas it fell in with the British man-of-war *Glasgow*, which cleverly managed to escape after having inflicted more damage than she received in the action.

It was a sorry beginning for the new navy, but a beginning that might have been expected. The ships were merely transformed merchantmen, and their officers not only without experience, but men who for the most part had received their appointments through the influence of powerful friends. Hopkins himself was a marked example of the advantage of having a friend at court. A brother of Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island,

the most influential member of the first naval committee, he was merely an old sea captain without any marked ability in his new calling. He had the obstinacy and caution of the old; and his inability to grasp the details of new conditions left him bewildered and weak.

On the 11th of April the fleet anchored in the harbor of New London, and at once a storm of criticism broke out against the stupidity that had allowed the *Glasgow* to escape capture. Hopkins was bitterly assailed, and Captain Whipple, his brother-in-law, was court-martialed, but acquitted. Smallpox had broken out among the crews on their arrival in New London, at one time nearly two hundred being in the hospital. In this dark hour it was impossible to man the fleet, for many sailors had joined Washington's army, and many more had shipped on the numerous privateers that had been fitted out to scour the Eastern waters in their search for British merchantmen.

Though Hopkins was later to become the bitter opponent of Paul Jones, it was he who was now to be instrumental in giving him a separate command. On the back of his original commission as lieutenant, Hopkins wrote out a new commission as captain, and gave him the command of the *Providence*. The first task that fell to him was to

take to New York the soldiers that Washington had lent to the navy. Having picked up a few sailors in the shipping-offices of that city, he returned to New London, where he secured a few more men who had been released from the small-pox hospital and continued his voyage to Providence. Here he passed a short time in overhauling his vessel. The *Fly* was in port, loaded with several heavy guns that were to be used in fortifying New York, and to Paul Jones fell the task of convoying her up the sound. Off Block Island he had a sharp encounter with the British frigate *Cerberus*, and not only succeeded in getting his convoy away in safety, but later, in a second engagement with the same frigate, delayed her long enough to keep her from capturing the *Hispaniola*, which was laden with stores for Washington's army. As the *Cerberus* mounted thirty-two guns and the *Providence* only twelve, both actions might well be called brilliant achievements for the commander of the little American vessel. Shortly after he was ordered to Boston to convoy a number of merchantmen around Long Island and up the Delaware, and though Lord Howe's fleet had now arrived on the coast, he made the new venture without encountering the ships of the enemy, and by August 1 was again in Philadelphia.

Much had happened in the capital city since he had sailed away from it in January. The Declaration of Independence had been signed, the colonies had definitely renounced all allegiance to Great Britain, and the new Continental Congress was now sitting. Jones set about obtaining a congressional confirmation of the captain's commission that Hopkins had given him in May. It was speedily granted, and on August 8 was signed by John Hancock, president of Congress. It is interesting to know that this was the first naval commission signed after the Declaration of Independence.

The *Hispaniola* had by this time been purchased by Congress, and renamed the *Hampden;* and Joseph Hewes, once more in Philadelphia, persuaded the naval committee to give her over to the command of Jones; but Jones was unwilling to give up his old ship. He had been in company with the *Hispaniola*, and had then learned that in the matter of speed she was inferior to the *Providence;* he was acute enough to see that, in the sort of warfare that the weak American navy could wage against the more powerful ships of Great Britain, speed was a more necessary quality than mere size. He stated his reasons for declining the offer with so much clearness that the com-

mittee yielded to his wish. They did more. Ignoring whatever plans the commander in chief of the navy might have for his sterling young captain, of their own accord they granted him liberty to cruise for six weeks or two months in any direction and for any purpose that in his judgment seemed best. No greater mark of confidence could have been given to a young officer.

Leaving port on August 21, he laid his course to the east, and speedily captured the *Sea Nymph*, the *Favorite*, and the *Britannia*. All three prizes he sent home in safety. On September 1, when nearing the coast of Bermuda, he sighted a fleet of vessels, and, believing the largest to be merely a merchantman, ran in close to cut her out. She proved to be the British frigate *Solebay*, of twenty-eight guns, and a fast sailer. Perceiving his danger at last, Jones put about, with the frigate close at his heels. As she began firing, Jones hoisted his colors and returned the fire. At that the Englishman ran up the American ensign; but the deception was too palpable, and Jones continued his flight, with the Englishman following and occasionally firing a shot. Under favoring conditions the frigate was speedier, and within four hours had come within musket-shot of the *Providence*. It was a critical moment, but Paul Jones was

ready to meet it. Letting his own vessel gradually fall off from her windward course, he waited until the *Solebay* was well upon his windward quarter, and then suddenly put his own helm hard up, and was off before the wind before the *Solebay* could bring her guns to bear. With a fair wind the little *Providence* was more than a match for the enemy, and when darkness fell she was well out of danger. Yet it was a narrow escape, and the capture of Paul Jones at that moment would have deprived American naval history of one of its greatest glories. One does not care to think that on the 23d of September, 1779, Paul Jones might have been idly passing the day in the naval prison at Portsmouth, England, instead of winning one of the greatest naval engagements in history.

After his escape from the *Solebay*, he directed his course to the north, and by the middle of September was off the coast of Nova Scotia. On the morning of the 22d, entering the harbor of Canso, he recruited several sailors, sank one English fishing-vessel, burned another, and, capturing a third, completed her cargo with the fish he had taken from the others, and sent her home with a prize crew aboard. In Canso, learning that several other English fishing-vessels were in the neighborhood, he crossed the bay and ultimately captured

twelve. With a humanity that may seem incredible to-day, he left two of the vessels to the three hundred fishermen that he had captured in order that they might not be without means to reach England. In less than seven weeks he was back in Providence, in that brief period manning and sending home six captured brigantines, one ship, and one sloop, besides destroying eight other vessels.

It was indeed a successful voyage, and served greatly to strengthen his reputation for efficiency. He found Hopkins still in port, vainly struggling to man his idle little fleet. In his desperation he had called upon the Rhode Island Assembly and even upon Congress itself to prohibit the fitting out of privateers; but to no avail. The pay of the Continental seamen was small, and the promise of a share in the prize-money received from vessels captured by the privateers was a strong lure to men to serve on the latter.

But to the navy it was a serious handicap, as Paul Jones himself was to learn when Hopkins, putting him in charge of the *Alfred*, the *Providence*, and the *Hampden*, ordered him to sail north to the rescue of a hundred American prisoners who had been put to work in the coal mines of Isle Royale, Nova Scotia. He could not find the men to man his little fleet, and at last set out with only

the *Alfred* and the *Hampden*, only to be compelled to return at the very beginning of the voyage through the carelessness of Captain Hacker, who ran the *Hampden* on the rocks just outside the harbor.

After a short delay he was again at sea, now with the *Alfred* and the *Providence*, with the same captain in charge of the *Providence* who had come to grief in the *Hampden*. Again he failed Jones by timorously returning to Newport under cover of a fog. This time Jones did not turn back. The *Alfred* was insufficiently manned, and her crew was ill clad, but she kept on, only to find the harbor at Isle Royale already frozen over when at last she reached the mouth. With too few men to venture on a land attack, Jones dared not attempt the rescue of the prisoners.

Thus the main purpose of the expedition was defeated, though Paul Jones was not to return without compensation for his disappointment. He had the quality of a great commander in that out of defeat he frequently built a ladder to new victory. He was delighted with his crew, and they were devoted to him, and, though half clad, were eager for any venture. Off the coast of Nova Scotia he had captured a Liverpool ship, and shortly after he made a prize of the *Mellish*, a large

armed vessel with a number of marines and land troops aboard. She was bringing to America a thousand complete suits of uniforms for the British army, and these proved a boon to the half-clothed troops of Washington's army. Jones burned a British transport that had run ashore on the coast, and also burned the oil warehouses in the neighborhood. Off Isle Royale he captured three transports and a fourth vessel loaded with oil and furs, and the following day captured a Liverpool privateer. His originally small crew having now been dangerously depleted by the men that he had transferred to his prizes, he laid his course for Boston. Shortly before reaching that city he encountered the British frigate *Milford.* Night was approaching when she drew near, but running in between the frigate and his prizes, Jones lured her away from the latter by displaying a light, and in the darkness of a stormy night escaped, reaching Boston the next day. All of his prizes except one small vessel came safely to port.

It was the middle of December when Jones reached Boston, only to find that his successes were to go for naught before the resentment and jealousy of his superior officer, Commodore Hopkins, who had at last become an open enemy. He ordered Jones to give up the *Alfred* and to go

back to the *Providence*, a much smaller vessel. To add to Jones's sense of the injustice of this order, he was soon to learn that the naval committee of Congress had made out a new list of appointments, and had placed him eighteenth on the list, though by order of appointment he should have been fifth at least. The list had been made out in October, while he was away on his first Northern cruise, and consequently before the news of his capable conduct of the expedition had come to the knowledge of the committee. Nevertheless, the ranking was unjust, though in fairness to the committee it should be said that Jones had at that time displayed none of his remarkable ability; and in the clash between the rival interests of the South and New England for position in the navy, the naval committee, hampered by want of means, had felt itself compelled to yield to the demands of those who had influence. Men who, like Jones, had no strong friends at the seat of government, fell by the way.

Now that he had returned from his second Northern cruise with new successes to his credit, the naval committee in a way tried to atone for their previous indifference. Though they did not feel it in their power again to change the list, they now issued orders for him to take command of

Hopkins's fleet, and, proceeding with it to Pensacola, to make an attack upon that town, which was in the hands of the English. After that, he was told, he might visit different ports in the Southern colonies for the purpose of arousing the interest of the South in the navy and recruiting his ships with volunteers. However, they wrote, if in his judgment the time spent in visiting the Southern colonies might be better used in conducting an expedition to the coast of Africa with a part of the fleet, they granted him that liberty.

It was an extraordinary order to give to a captain who stood eighteenth on the naval list, for in effect it was to make Jones the head of the navy. Unhappily, it was to come to naught, for Hopkins refused to carry it out. Having himself received the same order, he immediately sent three of his best ships to sea, and thereupon informed Jones that, in the absence of those important vessels, it would be impossible to comply with the wishes of Congress. In his irritation and disappointment, Jones at once set out for Philadelphia to bring the case before the committee.

He did so, but the ships were already away, and the plan fell through. Hopkins, meanwhile, had about run his course. His imprudence and disobedience at last compelled Congress to remove

him from his command, though he kept it long enough to vent his spite on Paul Jones once more before the latter was to sail for Europe and to gain his greatest glory.

Upon a man like Paul Jones, keenly aware of his own ability and eager to exercise it in the cause of his adopted country, the effect of all these disappointments and heartburnings was unhappy. He became a man with an acute sense of having been unjustly treated. It colored his thoughts, and constantly cropped out in the letters that later he wrote to Morris, Hewes, and Franklin. Yet the main trouble lay not so much in the open hostility of any one person or in the indifference of the naval committee of Congress as in the chaotic state of all measures for prosecuting the war.

Yet in all his turmoil of spirit and disappointment over hopes that ever fled from him, Paul Jones was not idle. He wrote frequently to Morris on the condition of the navy and the steps that should be taken to make it efficient, and always wrote wisely. It was at this period that he advised the establishment of a naval academy; and though that part of his plan was long delayed, many other recommendations of his were sooner adopted, and speedily proved his wisdom.

CHAPTER III

Preparing for Europe

Though Paul Jones's visit to Philadelphia had not brought back to his command the scattered Eastern fleet, the visit had been of advantage to him. His plan for the reorganization of the navy had been laid before the naval committee, and had undoubtedly increased his prestige with that body. It had already ordered that three vessels for the navy should be purchased in Boston, and on Jones's departure from Philadelphia in the spring of 1777 he carried with him the promise of the committee that he might command whichever vessel of the three he preferred. On his arrival in Boston he found that the hesitating marine board of Massachusetts had not yet purchased a ship. He spent several weeks in a vain attempt to hasten action in the matter, and at last wrote to the naval committee, suggesting that his prize, the *Mellish*, be fitted out for the service and turned over to

him. Nothing was done in the matter, but on May 9 he received a letter from Congress, ordering him to sail for Europe in the *Amphitrite* and take command of the *Indien*, a fine new frigate that was being built in Amsterdam under the direction of Silas Deane, at that time one of the American commissioners in Paris. Accompanying his orders, the naval committee sent the following recommendation to the commissioners:

PHILADELPHIA, 9th May, 1777.

HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN: —

This letter is intended to be delivered to you by John Paul Jones, Esq., an active and brave commander in our Navy, who has already performed signal services in vessels of little force; and in reward for his zeal, we have directed him to go on board the *Amphitrite*, a French ship of twenty guns . . . and with her to repair to France. He takes with him his commission, some officers and men, so that we hope he will, under that sanction, make some good prizes with the *Amphitrite;* but our design of sending him is (with the approbation of Congress) that you may purchase one of those fine frigates that Mr. Deane writes us you can get, and invest him with the command thereof as soon as possible. We hope you may not delay this business one moment, but purchase, in such port or place in Europe as it can be done with most convenience and dispatch, a fine, fast sailing frigate or larger ship. Direct Captain Jones where he must repair to, and he will take with him his officers and men towards manning her. . . .

If you have any plan of service to be performed in Europe by such a ship, that you think will be more for the interest and honour of the States than sending her out directly, Captain Jones is instructed to obey your orders; and, to save repetition, let him lay before you the instructions we have given him, and furnish you with a copy thereof. You can then judge what it will be necessary to direct him in, and whatever you do will be approved, as it will undoubtedly tend to promote the public service of this country.

You will see by this step how much dependence Congress places on your advices; and you must make it a point not to disappoint Captain Jones' wishes and expectations on this occasion.

We are &c.

[Signed]
Robert Morris,
Richard Henry Lee,
Wm. Whipple,
Phil Livingston.

The Honourable Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, Esquires, Commissioners, &c.

It was a generous letter, and showed the disposition of Congress to atone to Paul Jones for the many disappointments to which he had been subjected. Jones was naturally delighted, and by letter gave expression to his gratitude in the warmest terms. Immediately upon the receipt of the letter he set about collecting the men that he had been directed to take with him on the *Amphitrite*. He speedily got together a number

of his former crew on the *Providence*, now eager to serve with him again; but his old enemy, Hopkins, not yet dismissed from his position as commander in chief of the navy, for the last time interfered with his commands. With an audacious disregard of the will of Congress that seems incredible, he now forced the recruits that Jones had collected to serve aboard the *Warren*, a vessel commanded by his son.

The loss of the men proved immaterial, for on Jones's arrival in Portsmouth, where the *Amphitrite* lay, her French captain refused to receive him aboard except as a mere passenger. Jones immediately wrote to the naval committee for further instructions in the matter. Though the orders of the committee had been vague, Jones had clearly understood that he was to command the *Amphitrite* on her voyage back to France. However, it was plain that the committee had no power to make him her captain. She had been sent to America with a valuable cargo of ammunition and stores for the colonies.

The matter was at a standstill, therefore, with Paul Jones still in Portsmouth, when Colonel Langdon of that port suggested to him that he get the authorities in Congress to offer him the command of the ship-of-war *Ranger*, which Colonel

Langdon was at the time building. It was done, and after the delay of a few weeks the naval committee decided to take over the vessel and to place Jones in command. The resolution of Congress appointing Paul Jones to the command of the *Ranger* was passed on the 14th of June, 1777, and on the same day Congress also passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved:* that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The *Ranger* had good lines that indicated speed, and Paul Jones, delighted with her, entered eagerly upon the task of getting her ready for sea. She had been designed to carry twenty-six guns, but as that, in his opinion, was too many for a vessel of her size, she was finally equipped with eighteen six-pounders, as he advised.

Early in July he wrote to friends in Providence and New Bedford to assist him in getting together a satisfactory crew, and July was half gone and the crew still lacking when he returned to Portsmouth from Boston, whither he had gone to meet other officers of the service to decide on a uniform for the navy. Sailors were unwilling to sign the articles for more than a single cruise, as was usual

in the mercantile trade; but this was an unsatisfactory method in a service where special training and discipline were needed, and the success of a ship in a long war depended largely on the stability of her crew. Congress had promised an advance of twenty dollars to all sailors signing the articles only on the condition that they signed for a longer period than one voyage; but this being no lure to seamen, to hasten the completion of his crew, Captain Jones now not only agreed to pay the advance himself, but also arranged to leave in Boston a sum of money sufficient to permit the families of the men to draw half their monthly wages during their absence. It was not only a generous and patriotic act, but it was wise in that sort of wisdom that knows human nature. It counted on the contentment that comes to a man who knows that his family is being looked after however long he may be away.

While busily engaged in getting his crew and equipping his ship, yet harassed in mind by delay after delay, Jones still found time to write to Robert Morris his well-worked-out ideas of the best methods of carrying on naval operations against England. Finding that the small navy of the country was wholly inadequate to protect the American coast, he advocated the plan of striking

at the defenseless parts of England. The English were subject to panic, he wrote, and he took an almost boyish delight in the thought of stirring all England by laying her ports under contribution and destroying the shipping in the harbors. It was the idea that he subsequently carried out, and all the world may read with what surprised rage England viewed the experiment. A taste of that sort of warfare was not relished in the land that had employed it most extensively, and in English histories and traditions Paul Jones is still the supreme pirate.

The 2d of November saw the *Ranger* ready for sea, and on that day, with the new stars and stripes over her, Paul Jones left the port, sailing for France. It has often been written that he was the first man to hoist the new national ensign on an American vessel, but this is a tradition that seems doubtful. Certainly he never made the claim for himself, and he was hardly the man to omit to mention so interesting a fact had it been true. It seems quite enough to say that he was shortly to make that flag glorious.

CHAPTER IV

Saluting the Stars and Stripes

John Paul Jones was a month in making the voyage to France. The *Ranger* proved a great disappointment, being both slow and cranky. In addition to this cause for discouragement, her alert captain had much to bear from the incompetence of his crew, and having to bear most from a quarter where he had reason to expect his chief aid and reliance. For Simpson, his first officer, was not only inefficient, but insubordinate, and these unhappy qualities reacted upon the crew.

In the way of business the voyage was not wholly without incident, for on the way over, when nearing the coast, the ship secured two prizes, brigantines from Malaga carrying wine and fruit; and nearing the French coast, she fell in with a fleet of ten vessels under the convoy of the *Invincible*, a British line-of-battle ship of seventy-four

guns. Naturally, she was invincible enough for the little *Ranger*, with only eighteen guns of small caliber and too short in the barrel for effective work; yet for two days Captain Jones followed the fleet in the hope of cutting out one of the merchantmen at least. They kept so close to the *Invincible*, however, that the chance of securing a prize never came; so the chase was abandoned, and Jones sailed for the coast of France. On November 29 the ship ran into heavy weather, and in the Bay of Biscay hove to; but the gale soon passed, and shortly after they sighted land, and the next day came to anchor in the river Loire, at the little port of Paimbœuf, not far from the city of Nantes. The next day they sailed up to Nantes, and on the following day, which was the 4th of December, Captain Jones wrote to the American commissioners in Paris, announcing his arrival and his eagerness for service. He wrote in detail of his plan to attack the defenseless places on the English coast, and sent a confirmation of the news of the capture of Burgoyne and his army that John Loring Austin had carried to the commissioners on November 30. This victory had materially moved the hesitating French Government to make an alliance with the revolting colonies in America.

While waiting for word from the commissioners, Captain Jones busied himself in remedying the defects in the *Ranger*. He took on a large quantity of lead, and otherwise altered her trim by rearranging her ballast; he also shortened her lower masts by several feet, thereby greatly increasing her power and speed. His practical seamanship was of a high order, and he could always be trusted to make the most of the possibilities of a ship.

It was probably not until January, or at least late in December, that the commissioners summoned him to Paris to explain more clearly all his plans for making a descent on the English coast. Something of the sort had already been tried by daring American commanders, and though they had been successful in destroying the enemy's shipping, they had not attacked towns, and all in a way had come to grief in the end. Captain Lambert Wickes, who had brought Franklin to Europe in the *Reprisal*, had sailed her around Great Britain and taken many prizes. Later, Captain H. Johnston had joined him with the *Lexington*, and for a season they had cruised together with success; but Wilkes had not been allowed to enter French ports with his prizes, and finally the commissioners had ordered him home, only to be lost at sea on his way. Gustavus

Conyingham had almost equaled the later fame of Jones in the daring attacks that he made upon English vessels in their own waters. His last exploit had been the capture of the packet that sailed between Harwich, in England, and Holland. Unhappily, he had been foolhardy enough to take his prize into the open port of Dunkirk, and in consequence had been thrown into prison. Having been released, he had sailed in another adventure, but had again been captured, and had been imprisoned in England.

But Paul Jones's idea had gone further. In his opinion far more damage could be done to an enemy's shipping by attacking it in the home ports than by haphazard cruising along the broad paths of the sea that the enemy's ships might be supposed to take. That he succeeded in stirring the serenity of England as it had never been stirred before every one knows. It was one of the things he predicted.

On reaching Paris, the long list of his disappointments was to be added to, for, as has already been related, he had confidently expected, on arrival in France, to be placed in command of the *Indien*, the large ship-of-war then building in Amsterdam. The plan had been kept secret, for though England and France were drifting toward

war, they were yet nominally at peace, and France was still delaying to enter into an alliance with America. By chance, it was said, the British ambassador at The Hague had learned of the secret destination of the *Indien* from the chance view of papers on the desk of the American agents in Amsterdam. To prevent her seizure by the British, it was thought necessary to transfer her to the French Government at once. Thus the old plan came to an end, and Paul Jones lost his coveted ship. He did not give up all hope, but he knew that nothing could be done at that time; therefore he hastened back to the *Ranger*. How well and manfully he accepted his disappointment may be read in his note to the commissioners when the first rumors of the loss of the *Indien* came to him in Nantes, before setting out for Paris. He generously wrote:

"I understand that the commissioners had provided for me one of the finest ships that ever was built, but were under the necessity of giving her up. My unfeigned thanks are equally due for the intention as for the act."

His disappointment in losing the *Indien* was not to end here, however, for, like most disappointments, it acted in more than one direction. Simpson, his first officer, had been promised the

command of the *Ranger* when Jones took command of the *Indien;* and now, finding Jones returned to the *Ranger* and his own hopes blasted, Simpson became embittered. Never a good officer, he now became a worse one, and as long as he remained with Jones he was always an active agent of disobedience and contention.

It was one of the striking qualities of Paul Jones that forced inaction always seemed to stir his keen intellect into new channels of activity. He never moped; he simply turned to new schemes. Shortly after his return to Nantes, while still waiting for the changes in the *Ranger* to be made, he learned from a Nantucket privateer enough about the inferiority of Lord Howe's fleet in America to lead him to believe that a strong fleet from France might easily surprise and capture it. The fleet was then operating in the Delaware. That captured, he wrote to the commissioners, the French fleet might then sail for New York, and there entrap Admiral Byron's fleet when it arrived. France thus might, with a single blow, bring Great Britain to her feet, thereafter "to abandon her boast of being Mistress of the Seas."

When the Comte d'Orvilliers, the admiral of the great French fleet in Brest, later learned of the plan from Jones, he gave it his emphatic approval,

and in a letter to the French minister of marine advised that the project be adopted at once. But the French delayed, and when finally they moved in the matter, the fleet in Toulon, under the command of Admiral Comte d'Estaing, was sent, instead of the nearer fleet at Brest, and long before it reached America, Lord Howe had learned of the expedition. He evacuated Philadelphia and left the Delaware River only a few days before the arrival of the French fleet at the mouth of the river. D'Estaing followed him to New York. Washington had sent Hamilton and Laurens out to Sandy Hook to consult with the admiral and urge him to attack Howe, but neither the pilots with Hamilton nor those Comte d'Estaing had brought from the Delaware would venture to take the larger ships across the bar. It is said that the count jumped into a small boat and tried to find the channel himself, but failed. Had the fleet gone to America when the plan was first proposed, the war might then and there have been brought to an end. But the glory of the plan belongs to Paul Jones. The pity is that so skillful a captain of fleets was forever doomed to small enterprises and a few poorly manned and equipped ships.

Meanwhile, he had not neglected his one small vessel, and fully overhauled, she sailed from

Nantes on February 12, 1778, and arrived at Quiberon the next morning. She had convoyed a number of American trading-vessels to Quiberon, where many had gathered to be under the protection of the large squadron of the French navy that lay at that port and would convoy them past Cape Finisterre on their way to America. It was blowing heavily when the *Ranger* hove to off the harbor, but instead of keeping on to the anchorage, Jones sent a boat ashore with a letter to the American agent in the town, who was asked to inform La Motte Piquet, admiral of the French fleet, of Jones's intention of saluting the French fleet on his entering the harbor the next morning, and requested that the salute be returned.

To this communication Admiral La Motte Piquet courteously replied that he would return the salute, but with four guns fewer than he received, as that was the custom in the French navy in returning the salute of vessels of a republic. Thereupon Jones replied, addressing his letter to the American agent:

DEAR SIR:

I am extremely sorry to give you fresh trouble, but I think the admiral's answer of yesterday requires an explanation. The haughty English return gun for gun to foreign officers of equal rank, and two less only to captains by flag

officers. It is true, my command at present is not important, yet, as the senior American officer at present in Europe, it is my duty to claim an equal return of respect to the flag of the United States that would be shown to any other flag whatever.

I therefore take the liberty of inclosing an appointment, perhaps as respectable as any which the French admiral can produce; besides which, I have others in my possession.

If, however, he persists in refusing to return an equal salute, I will accept of two guns less, as I have not the rank of admiral.

It is my opinion that he would return four less to a privateer or a merchant ship; therefore, as I have been honoured oftener than once with a chief command of ships of war, I cannot in honour accept of the same terms of respect.

You will singularly oblige me by waiting upon the admiral; and I ardently hope you will succeed in the application, else I shall be under a necessity of departing without coming into the bay.

I have the honour to be, etc.

To William Carmichael, Esq.

N.B. — Though thirteen guns is your greatest salute in America, yet if the French admiral should prefer a greater number he has his choice *on conditions*.

It was a nice point of naval etiquette, he felt, and on such points Paul Jones was the sort of man to uphold his own dignity and with it the dignity of his adopted country; but later in the day, however, learning that the French admiral was

right as to the custom of France in such cases, he wisely yielded his point, clearly seeing that the salute was the main thing rather than a specific number of guns. In either case it would be a notable recognition of a new nation. In the late afternoon of the 14th of February, therefore, the *Ranger* got under way and beat into the harbor. When she drew abreast of the huge French flagship, in the dusky close of the day, Captain Jones backed his main-topsail and fired a salute of thirteen guns, which the French commander immediately returned with the promised salute of nine.

It was the first salute ever fired in honor of the Stars and Stripes, and, indeed, the first official recognition of American independence by a foreign country. A year before the Dutch governor of St. Eustatius had saluted an American ensign, — not of course, the Stars and Stripes, — but he had been recalled for the act, and his salute had been repudiated. But now there was to be no disavowal. That the light of the deed should not be hidden under a bushel, as it were, Jones sent word to La Motte Piquet that as he had entered the harbor so late at night, it was his intention on the following day to pass through his whole fleet with the brig *Independence*, a privateer temporarily attached to his command, and repeat the

TABLET ON BADGER'S ISLAND

This fine tablet, on Badger's Island, near Portsmouth, N. H., commemorates John Paul Jones and his famous little ship *Ranger*.

salute. With great good humor and courtesy, La Motte Piquet replied that he would respond. It was done, and in a way it was the announcement that a new nation had taken its place among the naval powers of the world. There was something almost boylike in Paul Jones's exultation, which crops out in the letter, written a week later, to the marine committee of Congress in which he relates the story of the deed. In another place, with outspoken commendation of the courage shown by La Motte Piquet for his share in the action, Jones declares that at the time neither he nor the French admiral had been aware that the long-discussed treaty of alliance between France and the United States had been signed. It had really been signed only six days before.

Having placed his convoy in the charge of the French admiral, Jones proceeded to Brest, where he had the pleasure of receiving the salute of the *Bretagne*, the flagship of Comte d'Orvilliers's great fleet. Here he had the opportunity to interest the admiral in his proposed expedition against Lord Howe's fleet, of which the admiral thought highly. Indeed, he was so greatly impressed with Paul Jones that, upon learning of his disappointment in the *Indien* affair, he offered to procure Jones a commission as captain in the French navy, and

promised to assign him to a large frigate. It was a great opportunity for the commander of the little *Ranger*, and had he been the mere "gentleman of fortune" that the British long angrily declared, no one can question that he would have accepted at once; for the French fleet was then powerful, and with the influence of the Comte d'Orvilliers behind him, his own great ability would undoubtedly have carried him far. Of this ability Paul Jones himself had never been doubtful, nor was he less keen in seeing the advantage of powerful influence; yet now, to his great honor, he decisively refused to consider the offer. His loyalty to the convictions that had led him to cast in his lot with the struggling colonies cannot be questioned.

D'Orvilliers remained constantly his friend. He not only introduced him to M. de Sartine, the French minister of marine, and gave him every assurance that M. de Sartine would yet turn over the *Indien* to him, but he assured him that in that case he himself would secure four hundred French sailors to make up his crew. In the matter of saluting he generously returned eleven guns instead of the nine La Motte Piquet had returned. It was therefore with high hopes and courage that Paul Jones at last, on April 10, set out from Brest on the first descent on the English coast.

CHAPTER V

Fights in the Irish Sea

He sailed on April 10, and on the 14th, somewhere between Cape Clear and the Scilly Islands, he captured a brigantine bound from Ireland to Ostend with a cargo of flaxseed. As neither vessel nor cargo was of value, he burned them. Three days later he took the ship *Lord Chatham*, loaded with porter and general cargo, and sent her into Brest. On the next day, while off the Isle of Man, the wind being favorable and the day clear, he laid his course for Whitehaven, the port from which, when a boy of twelve, he had first set out on his seafaring. He has often been criticized for his attacks upon what was virtually his home port, though the criticism is unjust. No ties held him to the place, and doubtless he based his reason for making his descent there on the sensible one that he knew the harbor and its unprotected state. He approached the town after nightfall, and had already manned his boats to go in, when, at eleven,

the wind suddenly shifted and blew hard toward the shore, not only making a landing for his boats difficult, but bringing his vessel into danger through his nearness to a lee shore. There was nothing for him to do but to swing his boats aboard again and crowd on sail to escape being driven ashore.

Off the Mull of Galloway the next morning he captured and sank a schooner loaded with barley. Learning from the crew of the schooner that ten or twelve large vessels, with only a small tender for protector, lay at that time at Loughryan, in Scotland, Jones ran for the port; but again the wind shifted, and a sharp squall drove him back. He fell in with an Irish fishing-boat or so, and from the captured fishermen learned that the ship that he could see at anchor in Belfast Lough was the British sloop-of-war *Drake*, of twenty guns. That was game more to his liking, and he at once planned her capture in a manner both daring and brilliant. Beating back and forth offshore until darkness fell, he then ran into the harbor, meaning to lay the *Ranger* squarely across the bow of the *Drake*, drop his own anchor, and then capture the *Drake* by boarding her over the bow.

It was blowing hard when the *Ranger*, under shortened sail, entered the harbor and drew close to the *Drake*. The crew had been mustered to

their stations, the boarding party with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols, and the best shots of the crew stationed with muskets to sweep the deck of the *Drake* with gun-fire, when Jones with masterly skill brought the *Ranger* in exactly the right position and gave the order to let go the anchor. Through the stupidity of a drunken boatswain, it is said, the anchor was not let go soon enough, and the *Ranger*, dropping back swiftly in the gale that was blowing, did not come up on her cable until she had passed the *Drake's* quarter, where she lay exposed to the broadside of the Englishman, but unable to fire in return. Fortunately for the *Ranger*, Captain Burdon of the *Drake* was far from being alert as well as exceedingly careless. The *Ranger* bore no warlike appearance and had given no alarm, of course, and in the darkness of a windy night was mistaken for a clumsy merchantman. "All this," as Jones afterward wrote, "determined me to cut immediately, which might appear as if the cable had parted, and at the same time enabling me, after making attack out of the Lough, to return, with the same prospect of advantage which I had at the first."

However, though the cable was thus cut without suspicion, and the *Ranger* dropped away in the friendly darkness, the plan to return came to

naught; for the wind increasing to a gale, the *Ranger* was with difficulty saved from drifting upon the rocks by the lighthouse. For two days the gale continued, with high seas, and when it broke, on the 22d, and the weather came fair again, the three kingdoms, as Paul Jones wrote, "as far as the eye could reach were covered with snow."

After escaping from Belfast, the *Ranger* beat across to Scotland, to ride out the gale under the lee of the land; but when on the 22d the day broke clear, Whitehaven once more called to Paul Jones. The wind was fair, and squaring his yards, Captain Jones laid his course for that town. But the wind did not hold, and it was not until midnight that he anchored off the harbor, and his boats were lowered for the expedition. Thirty-one men manned the two boats, with Jones in charge of one and Lieutenant Wallingford of the other. Simpson and the second lieutenant had remained on the *Ranger*, giving illness and fatigue as their reason for not taking part in the foray. The tide was running out, and against its strong ebb the boats made slow headway; dawn had almost come when they at last gained the inner harbor, divided at that time into two parts by a long stone pier. On the north side of the pier

lay from seventy to a hundred vessels, and on the south side perhaps twice as many, ranging in size from two hundred to four hundred tons. The tide was low, and the vessels lay high and dry on the beach, closely grouped.

Ordering Lieutenant Wallingford to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the pier, Jones with his boat-crew marched on the fort that defended the entrance to the harbor. The fort was old, and was manned by only a few men. As the morning was raw and cold, the sentry, in his blissful trust that sentry-duty in peaceful England was wholly unnecessary, had retired to the sentry-box, and probably to sleep, for no one gave the alarm at the approach of the party. When they came to the walls of the fort, Jones, climbing to the shoulders of one of his men, pulled himself to the rampart, and the others followed. The small garrison was completely surprised and surrendered without striking a blow. The guns were then spiked. Day was now coming, and the need of haste imperative, so ordering the prisoners to be taken to the boats, Jones, with a lieutenant named Green, walked half a mile to a second small fort, and without opposition spiked its few guns and then hastened back to the landing.

It was with great surprise and disappointment

that Jones, returning, saw no sign of fire among the vessels on the beach. He found Wallingford and his boat-crew back at their boat, and to his sharp question Wallingford explained his failure by saying that his lights had gone out. There were of course no matches at that time, and lanterns, with candles, had been carried ashore with which to start the fire on the vessels. The candles of the other boat-crew had also gone out. Wallingford tried to lighten the gloom of the situation, at least, by naïvely declaring that, anyway, he could not see what good there was in burning the property of poor people!

Now Paul Jones saw his brilliantly planned enterprise, despite its promising opening, doomed to failure. Full day had come at last, and a regard for the safety of the party demanded an immediate return to the *Ranger*. Yet he was unwilling to retire wholly defeated. Leaving a guard for the boats, he sent messengers to a neighboring house for a light. When they returned with glowing embers, with his own hand he started a blaze in one of the largest vessels on the beach, about which lay huddled a number of other vessels. A barrel of tar, found on another vessel, was fed to the flames.

One of the landing-party had been an English-

man named David Freeman. In the confusion about the boats he had managed to escape from the party, and had given a warning to the townspeople. Now as the fire on the one vessel gathered headway, the inhabitants began to appear. Jones ordered his men to the boats, but that the fire might not be put out until all hope of saving the one vessel was gone, he himself, with a drawn pistol in his hand, ordered the oncoming crowd back. It obeyed. Only when he saw that the fired ship could not be saved did he retire. Though he had failed through the fault of others to destroy the shipping while it lay waiting to his hand, his exploit created the greatest consternation in England. England had slept secure for ages; with the loss of that sense of security arose a mighty clamor for the capture of the man who had brought war to the shores of England. As he stood there facing the crowd in Whitehaven harbor, alone, calm, and indomitable, he was in a way a heroic figure. He has written up his thoughts at that moment and later:

"After all my people had embarked, I stood alone upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no person advanced. I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the amazed inhabitants. When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the

shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may easily be imagined when they found at least thirty heavy cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire, having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship's guns or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot, falling short of the boats, instead of doing us any damage, afforded some diversion, which my people could not help showing by discharging their pistols, etc., in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete. Not a single ship out of more than two hundred could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to save the town. What was done, however, is sufficient to show that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coast, and that the scenes of distress which they have occasioned to America may be soon brought home to their own door."

From Whitehaven the *Ranger* ran across the Solway to St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, where Jones had passed many hours of his boyhood. His purpose was not the destruc-

tion of property, but to capture the earl himself. The wretched condition of Americans in British prisons had long stirred his pity, and he thought that if by any chance he could capture some prominent Englishman, the British might be led to consider the question of exchange, which they had thus far resolutely refused to do. That he had another more personal reason for making the raid, as some of his biographers have argued, has certainly not been proved by them.

Anchoring off St. Mary's Isle, Captain Jones sent two boats ashore. Lieutenants Simpson and Hall, now miraculously recovered from the illness that had detained them aboard the *Ranger* during its more perilous attack on Whitehaven, had charge of the boats, with Jones himself in command of the whole party. Before going to the hall, Jones learned that Lord Selkirk was absent, and thereupon expressed his intention of returning at once to his ship. His men mutinously protested, and demanded that they be allowed to secure whatever plunder might be found. It was a difficult situation. Jones knew by what a slender thread he held the men of the crew, and that mutiny always lay just below the surface. He had had no opportunity to choose his own officers, and poor as most of them were, he saw no

way to obtain better. Eager to serve his country, harass England, and gain fame for himself, he now felt the need of holding his men together as best he could or give up his chances for success. He finally yielded to their demands, therefore, and agreed to permit them to demand the family silver, though this he did with the intention of repurchasing the silver and returning it to Lord Selkirk when the prize was disposed of. By Jones's orders, only Simpson and Hall were to enter the house.

The two lieutenants were ushered into the presence of Lady Selkirk, made their demands for the silver, and, having secured it, departed without taking other plunder and without harming any one. Shortly after their return to the ship, the *Ranger* departed.

Standing away from the Scottish coast, she laid her course toward Ireland again, and late in the afternoon came in sight of Carrickfergus, where her old enemy, the *Drake*, lay at anchor. The captain of the *Drake* had been warned of the presence of Paul Jones, and when the *Ranger* drew near to the harbor, Captain Burdon, with what seems incredible folly, dispatched a lieutenant and a boat toward the *Ranger* to investigate the stranger and bring back a report. Meanwhile

the *Drake* was got under way and her decks cleared for action. To add to the folly of her commander, the lieutenant who had been sent out with the boat went alongside the *Ranger*, and quite naturally then and there ended his investigation by being captured. As the *Drake* was weighing anchor, Lieutenant Dobbs, who had been recruiting in the neighborhood, boarded her with several volunteers, though whether with ten or forty is not certain.

The *Drake* usually carried one hundred and fifty officers and men; but Lieutenant Dobbs's party had raised this number somewhat, though a lieutenant and a boat's crew had been lost through a foolish curiosity. The *Drake* carried two more guns than the *Ranger*, but as they were only four-pounders, the difference was not material. At a court-martial that was held several months later it was said of the *Drake* that she lacked her full number of officers and seamen, that her powder was bad, her matches were poor, her cartridges not filled, and her guns badly mounted. Yet the two ships were probably as well matched as one could expect in ships meeting by chance. Certainly the quality of the crew of the *Drake* could not have been worse than that of the crew of the *Ranger*. Jones has recorded in his journal that

he stood in peril of his life, as his crew, under the leadership of Simpson, was mutinous at the thought of fighting a battle with a real man-of-war. Their ideal of war was the capture of merchantmen, with subsequent prizes for a balm. However, he got them to their quarters at last by the wonderful power that he possessed at such times, and once there, and the fight fairly on, they appear to have acquitted themselves well.

The wind was blowing on shore, and the *Drake* was long in beating to sea. While Jones awaited her coming, he ordered his guns to be run in, giving his ship much the appearance of a merchantman. The *Ranger* had hoisted the English flag at the approach of the *Drake's* boat, and her too-trusting officer had reached the deck of the *Ranger* before he suspected her nature, so cleverly had Jones played his assumed part. It was always a great joy to him, this assumption of a false rôle in the preliminary moments of a battle.

The tide was against her as well as the wind, so the *Drake* worked out slowly; but at last she weathered a point and drew near to mid-channel. When she was well away from the land, Jones saw that the moment to fight had arrived, and so waited her coming. It was late in the afternoon when the *Drake* neared the *Ranger*, and

a moment later, when well within hailing distance, she hoisted English colors, and immediately after the American ensign was displayed on the *Ranger*. "I expected that preface had now been at an end," Jones wrote, in describing the battle, "but the enemy soon after hailed, demanding what ship it was. I directed the master to answer, 'The American Continental ship *Ranger;* that we waited for them and desired that they would come on; the sun was now a little more than an hour from setting, and it was therefore time to begin.'"

Jones was often rhetorical, and this reply seems amusingly formal and studied, but doubtless it served its purpose to bring the *Drake* nearer to the position Jones wished her to take before opening fire. As though the right moment had come, while the *Drake* was now astern of the *Ranger*, Jones ordered his helm hard up, and as the *Ranger* swung across the bow of the *Drake*, she raked the Englishman with a broadside at short range. It was the first blow and a severe one. The English captain tried to cross the stern of the *Ranger*, but without success, and the fight then became a series of broadsides, with the two ships sailing side by side, but gradually drawing nearer.

The fight lasted for an hour and four minutes, when the English ship called for quarter, being

virtually a wreck. Her sails and rigging were wholly cut to pieces; and her hull was much damaged. Both the captain and first officer had been killed. Forty-two men in all had been killed, according to Jones's statement, though the English accounts of the fight gave the number as twenty-five. Only two men had been killed on the *Ranger*, though a wounded man died later. The Lieutenant Wallingford who had failed in firing the shipping of Whitehaven was one of the dead.

From the first it was Jones's victory. Whatever lack of preparedness there may have been on the *Drake*, as was claimed in the subsequent court-martial of her survivors, was fully offset by serious defects on the *Ranger*, whose guns were too short in the barrel, while both Simpson and Hall, her first and second lieutenants, were serving for the first time on a ship-of-war. The quality of the crew, also, was bad, and that through no fault of her commander.

Yet it was a spectacular victory. An open fight on the enemy's coast, in full view of thousands of watchers, at the close of a spring day, it had all the qualities of a perfect setting. Its effect on England was tremendous. Residents on the coast prepared to remove their belongings to places of greater security, and bankers packed up their

gold and withdrew to the interior. England was soon dotted with militia-camps, and when Parliament closed in June, members hastened not to their country pleasures, but to their regiments. "Camps everywhere," Walpole wrote, "and the ladies in the uniform of their husbands. All the world are politicians or soldiers or both; servants are learning to fire all day long." It was not all in consternation, of course, though the first cause had been that; it became later a fashionable amusement.

But a sense of insecurity had come to the English people. The American war had never been popular with the nation. An incapable ministry and a dull king had brought that about, but the people had either disapproved or treated with more or less indifference a contest, remote and trivial, that seemed merely the vain uprising of a few farmers, easily to be put down and forgotten. But now that the Englishman saw that the shipping in his ports could be fired, his invincible ships of war beaten in home waters, and even the peers of the realm in danger in their sacred homes, an unreasonable panic seized him. This terror passed, of course, and a lighter spirit followed, but the great cause of it all, Paul Jones, was long to remain the bugbear of English tradition. Chap-books

and broadsides pictured him in absurd scenes — a wild piratical creature, coarse and ferocious, with cutlass in hand, and with his belt stuck full of pistols, raging about a bloody deck.

Had the war ended differently, Paul Jones might have been hanged as a rebel, as Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson might have been hanged; but a victory that brought Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson both a dignified respect and honor brought no change in regard to Jones in the English mind. That he was a fully commissioned officer in the naval service of the United States when he made his descent upon England made no difference. He had shocked the age-long sense of English security at home; that could not be pardoned.

Night had fallen when the fight ended, and as the weather continued favorable, the two vessels were hove to where they lay. The crew of the *Ranger* spent the night and a part of the next day in refitting the *Drake* and repairing what small damage had been done to their own vessel. The work was not interfered with, as no hostile ship was in the neighborhood. Late in the afternoon a Whitehaven brigantine, moved by an unhappy curiosity, approached the two ships too closely, was brought to by a shot from the *Drake*, and was

captured. That was the only incident of the delay.

Jones had intended to return to Brest through St. George's Channel, the way he had come, but the wind changing for the worse by the time his repairs were completed, he headed for the north, meaning to skirt Ireland. By sunset on the day following the battle he was again off Belfast Lough, where, on the 21st, he had captured the crew of an Irish fisherman. Now being near their home, he again showed that quality of mercy to his prisoners that had always distinguished him. He gave them a boat belonging to the *Drake*, with money sufficient to buy anew all that had been lost, and sent them ashore. They carried with them, by his wish, one of the sails of the *Drake* as a proof of their story of what they had seen. As they passed under the stern of the *Ranger*, the happy fishermen left him with three hearty cheers of gratitude.

The *Drake* was towed around Ireland by the *Ranger*. Simpson had been put in charge of her, and had received instructions from Jones that when under his own sail he was to keep close to the *Ranger*, and be ready to render assistance in case any British war-ships appeared; but should any unavoidable separation come about, to pro-

ceed at once to Brest. All was uneventful until off Ushant, near Brest, on May 5, a sail was sighted. Casting off the tow-line of the *Drake*, Jones went in pursuit. Finding the stranger to be only a Swedish vessel, the *Ranger* turned back to regain the *Drake*, but, in disobedience of Jones's orders to keep in touch with him, Simpson had borne away to the south, and when the *Ranger* turned back, the *Drake* was already hull down to the southward.

Owing to this disobedience, Jones was unable to chase several large merchant ships that went past up the channel, but was obliged to follow the *Drake*, which, despite his signals, continued her course to the south. Toward noon the *Ranger* hauled up nearly abreast of the *Drake*, but then the wind shifted, and again the *Drake* bore away. When morning came, Jones gave chase to a distant sail, and, at last drawing near, saw that it was the *Drake*. Angered by this crowning act of disobedience, he suspended Simpson and put Hall in charge of the *Drake*. Simpson had seen, Jones afterward learned, his signals of recall, and had simply ignored them.

It was the 8th of May when the two ships finally reached Brest and anchored off the harbor. On the day of his arrival he dispatched his famous

letter to the Countess of Selkirk, probably the most extraordinary epistle ever penned by a naval hero. It was a sequel to the Selkirk raid, and deserves to be given in full. It ran as follows:

Ranger, BREST, May 8, 1778.

THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.

MADAM: It cannot be too much lamented that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feelings, and real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such actions by his authority. This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was perhaps fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger* and detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe, as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed, by some men whom I met at landing that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the

houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered, and to come away without making a search or demanding anything else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men, and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the *Ranger* the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement, both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war.

"For they, 't was they unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And Heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

The British ship of war *Drake*, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage

was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the *Drake* fell, and Victory declared in favor of the *Ranger*. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded — a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects and of the sad reverses of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the right of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife and family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot secure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climates or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war was begun, I had, at an early time in life, withdrawn from sea service in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite schemes of life, but the eager affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband, to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be

retaliated in Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this, and I am persuaded you will attempt it (and who can resist the power of such an advocate?), your endeavour to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on your death-bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but, should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything, consistent with my duty, to merit it. The honor of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation, and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere I hope you see into my character so far as to command me, without the least grain of reserve. I wish to know the exact behaviour of my people, as I am determined to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty.

I have the honor to be, with much esteem and profound respect, Madam, etc.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

Certainly an extraordinary letter, but one must remember that the times are at fault for a difference of tone between our period and that of Paul Jones. Indeed, it reads like a chapter from an eighteenth-century novel.

Naturally, the Countess of Selkirk never replied to it. It may be well to state here, however,

that a year later Jones really bought the Selkirk silver through the prize court, and paid an extraordinary price for it. The war between England and France long delayed its delivery, though Jones made every possible effort to restore it. It was not until 1784, six years later, after the return of peace, that it was restored to its original owners. It is said that it was returned in exactly the same state that it was in when taken, even the tea-leaves being still in the teapot. Lord Selkirk acknowledged its receipt in a letter to Jones, but not, however, until August 4, 1789. In his letter Lord Selkirk speaks highly of the good conduct and civil behavior of the officers and men of the *Ranger* while ashore on St. Mary's Isle. In every respect they complied with Jones's orders as to their conduct.

CHAPTER VI

The Trials of a Victor

When, on May 8, the *Ranger* sailed into the harbor of Brest with her prize, the fortunes of the struggling colonies had already begun to brighten. The secret alliance between France and the United States had been signed in February, and the American plenipotentiaries had been received by the king on March 23. Early in April the fleet of Comte d'Estaing sailed from Toulon for America. The scheme that Jones had planned to capture Lord Howe's fleet was at last adopted, though it was to prove unsuccessful.

Paul Jones's own victory aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The prizes the *Ranger* had captured, and the hardihood of her commander in entering the home waters of Great Britain with so small a vessel, astonished Europe; but the brilliance of his victory over the *Drake* was the crowning wonder of France. And terror had been roused in Eng-

land — a terror that had slept in peace since the far-off days of the Armada. The American prisoners in England at once felt the effect of his victory through their better treatment by the authorities. In France, Jones was the hero of the hour.

When the news of his victory reached America, it was received with great joy; but meanwhile the hero was in Brest without a cent in his pocket. He had brought in two hundred prisoners with him, and his first desire was to effect an exchange of these for an equal number from among those Americans who lay in English prisons. His first act on reaching port was to consult with the Comte d'Orvilliers as to the best plan to follow in order to gain his desire.

The count advised him to fit out the *Drake* at once, and send his prisoners in her to America before any difficulty could be brought to bear upon his plan. It had been the custom of American commanders in Europe to release their prisoners on parole, and wholly without any assurances that they would be exchanged, and this policy had rendered useless all Franklin's efforts to free American prisoners in England. They had followed the plan because of lack of funds to care for their captives. Now Jones was determined to follow other methods. His first letter to the

commissioners in Paris was written immediately after his visit to Comte d'Orvilliers. He wrote:

Ranger, BREST, May 9, 1778.

GENTLEMEN:

I have the honour to acquaint you that I arrived here last night and brought in with me the British ship of war *Drake*, of 20 guns, with English colours inverted under the American stars. I shall soon give you the particulars of my cruise; in the meantime you will see some account of it in a letter of this date from Comte d'Orvilliers to Monseigneur de Sartine. I have brought in two hundred prisoners, and as Comte d'Orvilliers is apprehensive that as war with England is not yet declared, they may perhaps be given up without exchange, I have resolved to equip the *Drake* with all possible expedition at Cammeret, and to send the prisoners in her to America, so fully am I convinced of the bad policy of releasing prisoners, especially seamen, without an exchange, that I am determined never to do it while there remains any alternative. I should not, however, have taken a resolution of such importance without consulting with you, had not Comte d'Orvilliers told me that the return of a letter from the minister might perhaps put it out of my power, and therefore recommended me that I should lose no time.

Notwithstanding this, you will perhaps find it expedient to endeavour to effect an exchange of those prisoners in Europe, and should the minister agree to hold them avowedly as prisoners of war, you will of course inform me thereof per express, so as to reach me if possible before the departure of the *Drake*.

I have suspended and confined Lieutenant Simpson for

disobedience of orders. I have only time at present to add that I have the honour to be, with much esteem and respect, Gentlemen,

Your very obliged, very obedient, very humble servant,
JOHN PAUL JONES.

Meanwhile, while he waited to hear from the commissioners, he was in the direst straits. His sailors had not received their wages, had received nothing, indeed, beyond the advance-money that Jones had paid out of his own pocket. His own resources had always been drawn upon for the benefit of the service and his crews, but now they were exhausted. The stock of provisions was gone. In this extremity his own crew and his two hundred prisoners were wholly dependent upon him; and he had nothing.

When he first came to France the commissioners had authorized him to draw upon them for necessary expenses to the extent of twelve thousand *livres*, or about twenty-five hundred dollars; but at the same time they had cautioned him to be as sparing as possible of the money. Indeed, he had exercised so great a restraint and so strict an economy that he had made no draft on the commissioners whatever. Now, returning to Brest, with his needs most pressing, he made drafts upon the commissioners for double the original

sum, believing that the lapse of time since the first order was given, with the added burden on his shoulders, fully justified his demand. The drafts were not paid. In this extremity Jones turned to the naval authorities at Brest through Comte d'Orvilliers, always his warm friend and upholder. Through the generosity of the French authorities, therefore, his crew and prisoners were cared for through this harassing period.

It is of course true that the commissioners themselves were well-nigh distracted by their lack of funds, but this seemed a matter of national honor, and should have been given attention. For some unaccountable reason that never has been made clear, no report from Jones of his cruise had appeared at Passy, nor had any account of expenditures been received. The first communication that Jones, in turn, received from the commissioners after his triumphant return to Brest was from the hand of Arthur Lee. In its hostility of tone one may readily see that the ungracious spirit of Lee was for the moment the supreme voice in the board of commissioners. Thus it ran:

To Captain Paul Jones.

Sir:

We have heard of your arrival at Brest with a prize, and are surprised that you have not given us an account

of that, and of your other proceedings. We desire that you will not take any measures relative to the prize and the prisoners you may have made, except in assuring them, nor incur any considerable expense without our orders.

Upon receipt of this, you will immediately send us an account of what you have done upon your cruise; of what your prizes consist of; what repairs you want; and what further measures you propose to pursue. Upon all these subjects you will wait our directions. Lieutenant Simpson has stated to us your having put him under arrest for disobeying orders. As a court-martial must by order of Congress consist of three captains, three lieutenants and three captains of marines, and these cannot be had here, it is our desire that he may have a passage procured for him by the first opportunity to America, allowing him whatever may be necessary for his defense. As the consequences of an arrest in foreign countries are thus extremely troublesome, they should be well considered before they are made.

Four days later, on May 27, Jones forwarded a letter to the commissioners. Here is an extract:

Could I suppose that my letters of the 9th and 16th current (the first advising you of my arrival and giving reference to the events of my expedition; the last advising you of my draft in favour of Monsieur Bersolle, for twenty-four thousand *livres*, and assigning reasons for the demand) had not made due appearance, I would hereafter, as I do now, inclose copies. Three posts have already arrived here since Comte d'Orvilliers showed me the answer he received from the minister to the letter which inclosed mine to you. Yet you remain silent. M. Bersolle has this

moment informed me of the fate of my bills; the more extraordinary as I have not yet made use of your letter of credit of the 10th of January last, whereby I then seemed entitled to call for half the amount of my last draft, and I did not expect to be thought extravagant when, on the 16th current, I doubled that demand. Could this indignity be kept secret I should disregard it; and, though it is already public in Brest and in the fleet, as it affects only my private credit I will not complain. I cannot, however, be silent when I find the public credit involved in the same disgrace. I conceive that might have been prevented. To make me completely wretched, Monsieur Bersolle has now told me that he now stops his hand, not only of the necessary articles to refit the ship, but also of the *daily provisions*. I know not where to find to-morrow's dinner for the great number of mouths that depend on me for food. Are then the Continental ships of war to depend on the sale of their prizes for a daily dinner for their men? "Publish it not in Gath!"

My officers, as well as my men, want clothes, and the prizes are precluded of being sold before farther orders arrive from the minister. I will ask you, gentlemen, if I have deserved all this. Whoever calls himself an American ought to be protected here. I am unwilling to think that you have intentionally involved me in this dilemma at a time when I ought to expect some enjoyment.

Therefore, I have, as formerly, the honour to be, with due esteem and respect, gentlemen, yours, etc.,

Hampered as he was at this period by this astonishing disregard of his necessities shown by

the commissioners in Paris, yet he fed his crew and his prisoners, cured his wounded, and refitted for sea both the *Ranger* and the *Drake* by giving his personal pledge to the French naval authorities to repay all obligations. Some of the burden he could have thrown off by turning over his prisoners to France, but as France was still a neutral nation, in name at least, she would have been compelled to release the prisoners at England's demand. That would have made impossible the exchange of prisoners Jones desired and Franklin had fought for since his arrival in France. The English Government had long before permitted the exchange of captured soldiers, but had refused a like privilege to captured sailors. American seamen in English prisons had been treated with great harshness, and when, in his humane desire to relieve the suffering of some of them at least, Franklin had written to the British ambassador, Lord Stormant, and offered to exchange a hundred men captured by Captain Lambert Wilkes in the *Reprisal* for an equal number of American sailors imprisoned in England, no reply was made to his request. A second letter brought this short note:

"The King's ambassador receives no application from rebels, unless they come to implore his Majesty's mercy."

To this offensive communication Franklin sent the following dignified and deserved rebuke:

"In answer to a letter which concerns some of the material interests of humanity, and of the two nations, Great Britain and the United States of America, now at war, we received the inclosed indecent paper, as coming from your lordship, which we return for your lordship's more mature consideration."

But the persistence of Franklin finally brought about a general recognition of the principle of exchange. By holding his prisoners through those evil days when he appeared to be deserted even by Franklin himself, Jones displayed the highest quality of patriotism.

In his unfriendly crew, naturally discontented by the want of even proper food and clothing and impatient at the slow coming of their wages and prize-money, Simpson was a constant inciter of mutinous feeling, and was finally placed on a French guard-ship. Here he was well treated and allowed the freedom of the deck; but his behavior was so outrageous and his language so offensive that Comte d'Orvilliers sent him to the port prison. All his expenses were of course paid by Jones, who had no capacity for resentment. Malcontent as Simpson had been, Jones in the end readily agreed to accept his

apologies and release him on parole on condition that he would not again serve in the navy until he had been tried by court-martial. He even offered to give up to him the command of the *Ranger* in order that he might sail for America to stand trial.

While this business was in process of settlement, the commissioners gave Simpson unconditional command of the *Ranger*. The king of France had asked the commissioners to permit Jones to serve in a naval enterprise that the French Government had in hand, and they had consented, so the loss of the ship was no concern to Jones; but he felt a great resentment that Simpson should go wholly unpunished and even receive the *Ranger* as a reward for his disobedience. He felt that the unwise action was not only an injury to the service, but an affront to him, though the latter was far from the commissioners' thought, as they declared. In the end Simpson took the *Ranger* to America. Soon after his return he was relieved of his command, and was never after employed in the service. Long after, when word came back to France that Simpson had spread the report that Jones had been dismissed from the *Ranger*, the commissioners sent the following letter to Jones:

Passy, February 10, 1779.

Sir: —

As your separation from the *Ranger* and the appointment of Lieutenant Simpson to the command of her will be liable to misinterpretations by persons who are unacquainted with the real cause of those facts, we hereby certify that your leaving the *Ranger* was by our consent, at the express request of his Excellency Monsieur de Sartine, who informed us that he had occasion to employ you in some public service; that Lieutenant Simpson was appointed of the *Ranger* with your consent, after having consented to release him from an arrest under which you had put him.

That your leaving the *Ranger*, in our opinion, ought not, and cannot, be an injury to your rank or character in the service of the United States; and that your commission in their navy continues in full force.

We have the honour to be, etc.

B. Franklin.
John Adams.

Meanwhile Jones had been hopefully waiting at Brest for more definite word of the service for which he was desired by France. He had much to contend with besides the tedium of waiting. Simpson and his crew were gone, but his prisoners were still a great burden. Captain Whipple had allowed several to escape and without Jones's knowledge had released others on parole, and one day Jones learned by chance from a French officer that the guard of French soldiers that Comte d'Orvilliers had graciously placed over them had been

taken away, and all might escape. Jones wrote at once to the commissioners, but, without waiting for a reply, obtained a new guard of marines from the French officer of marines in Brest. His prize, the *Lord Chatham* was sold without his knowledge, and the *Drake*, then in Brest, was ransacked and plundered of everything movable.

Of the first enterprise for which he was proposed as commander Franklin wrote to him in the following brief note:

"The Jersey privateers do us a great deal of mischief by interrupting our supplies. It has been mentioned to me that your small vessel, commanded by as brave an officer, might render great service by following them where greater ships dare not venture their bottoms; or being accompanied and supported by some frigates from Brest, at the proper distance, might draw them out and then take them. I wish you to consider of this, as it comes from high authority."

This proposal had come before the sailing of the *Ranger*, and though it was hardly what Jones could have wished, he was willing to consent, being a man to whom action of any sort was far more agreeable than waiting for possible better things. But nothing came of it. The possibility of his obtaining the *Indien* again came to the surface, but that, too, went for naught. Franklin wrote to him that it might be well for him to go

up to Versailles and present his plans in person, and Jones went. In consultation with the commissioners and the French ministry he discussed the question of the exchange of prisoners and proposed several plans in which his services might be used to advantage. As usual, the plans showed his daring and intrepidity. He suggested another expedition against Whitehaven, and proposed to burn the shipping in the Clyde. He suggested that, by cutting off the supplies of coal from Newcastle, London might be greatly injured. He also proposed attacks upon the merchantmen sailing from the West Indies, the Baltic, and Hudson Bay.

M. de Sartine, the minister of marine, gave flattering attention to all he said, and Jones went away in high hopes. It is probably true that M. de Sartine desired to use him to harass England before France had declared war upon England, but now that war was actually begun, his aid had become less material. Even if a command could have been found for him, the reluctance of French officers to serve under a foreigner might have meant failure. How serious this disinclination might be was afterward shown when Jones obtained the ship that was to become world-famous, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and sailed in company

with French vessels commanded by Frenchmen. It was a point that had to be seriously considered.

But inaction was making Jones desperate. With his proud nature he could not return to America and humbly ask for a command after having sent, by the *Ranger*, a letter to Congress that stated that no command need be reserved for him since the king of France had asked that he might enter his service. Now that war was declared and the king had no further need of his services, Jones overwhelmed with a flood of letters every one who might by any possibility aid him. Franklin in his way did all that was possible. He obtained the minister's order to Comte d'Orvilliers to take Jones out with his fleet when it put to sea to meet the English fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel, and Jones was eager for the chance, feeling how great an advantage it would be to acquire a knowledge of the art of handling a great fleet. To the great regret of Admiral d'Orvilliers, who had always been friendly to Jones and seems to have held his high ability in the greatest esteem, the order was too late, for the fleet had sailed before it arrived. It was said that the order was intentionally delayed by the jealousy of men in the French naval service.

By the 11th of September Jones wrote to a

friend that if the next post brought him nothing definite he would send to M. de Sartine "a round unvarnished tale." Two days later he wrote it. Here it is:

BREST, September 13, 1778.

HONOURED SIR:

When his Excellency Doctor Franklin informed me that you had condescended to think me worthy of your notice, I took such pleasure in reflecting on the happy alliance between France and America that I was really flattered, and entertained the most grateful sense of the honour which you proposed for me, as well as the favour which the King proposed for America, by putting so fine a ship as the *Indien* under my command, and under its flag, with unlimited orders.

In obedience to your desire, I came to Versailles, and was taught to believe that my intended ship was in deep water, and ready for sea; but when the Prince [de Nassau] returned I received from him a different account; I was told that the *Indien* could not be got afloat within a shorter period than three months at the approaching equinox.

To employ this interval usefully, I first offered to go from Brest with Comte d'Orvilliers as a volunteer, which you thought fit to reject. I had then the satisfaction to find that you had approved in general of a variety of hints for private enterprises which I had drawn up for your consideration, and I was flattered with assurances from Monsieurs de Chaumont and Baudouin that three of the finest frigates in France, with two tenders and a number of troops, would be immediately put under my command; and that

I should have unlimited orders, and be at free liberty to pursue such of my own projects as I thought proper. But this plan fell to nothing in the moment when I was taught to think that nothing was wanting but the King's signature.

Another much inferior armament from L'Orient was proposed to be put under my command, which was by no means equal to the services that were expected from it; for speed and force, though both requisite, were both wanting. Happily for me, this also failed, and I was thereby saved from a dreadful prospect of ruin and dishonour.

I had so entire a reliance that you would desire nothing of me inconsistent with my honour and rank, that the moment you required me to come down here, in order to proceed round St. Malo, though I had received no written orders, and neither knew your intention respecting my destination or command, I obeyed with such haste, that although my curiosity led me to look at the armament at L'Orient, yet I was but three days from Passy till I reached Brest. Here, too, I drew a blank; but when I saw the *Lively* it was no disappointment, as that ship, both in sailing and equipment, is far inferior to the *Ranger*.

My only disappointment here was my being precluded from embarking in pursuit of marine knowledge with Comte d'Orvilliers, who did not sail till seven days after my return. He is my friend, and expressed his wishes for my company; I accompanied him out of the road when the fleet sailed, and he always lamented that neither himself nor any person in authority in Brest had received from you any order that mentioned my name. I am astonished therefore to be informed that you attribute my not being in the fleet to my stay at L'Orient.

I am not a mere adventurer of fortune. Stimulated by

principles of reason and philanthropy, I laid aside my enjoyments in private life, and embarked under the flag of liberty when it was first displayed. In that line my desire of fame is infinite, and I must not now so far forget my own honour, and what I owe to my friends and America, as to remain inactive.

My rank knows no superior in the American marine. I have long since been appointed to command an expedition with five of its ships, and I can receive orders from no junior or inferior officer whatever.

I have been here in the most tormenting suspense for more than a month since my return; and, agreeable to your desire, as mentioned to me by Monsieur Chaumont, a lieutenant has been appointed, and is with me, who speaks the French as well as the English. Circular letters have been written, and sent the 8th of last month from the English admiralty, because they expected me to pay another visit with four ships. Therefore I trust that, if the *Indien* is not to be got out, you will not, at the approaching season, substitute a force that is not at least equal both in strength and sailing to any of the enemy's cruising ships.

I do not wish to interfere with the harmony of the French marine; but, if I am still thought worthy of your attention, I shall hope for a separate command, with liberal orders. If, on the contrary, you should now have no further occasion for my services, the only favor I can ask is that you will bestow on me the *Alert*, with a few seamen, and permit me to return, and carry with me your good opinion in that small vessel, before the winter, to America.

I am happy to hear that the frigates from St. Malo have been successful near Shetland. Had Count d'Estaing arrived in the Delaware a few days sooner, he must have

made a most glorious and easy conquest. Many other successful projects may be adopted from the hints which I had the honour to draw up; and if I can still furnish, or execute, any of those already furnished so as to distress and humble the common enemy it will afford me the truest satisfaction.

I am ambitious to merit the honour of your friendship and favour; and being fully persuaded that I now address a noble-minded man who will not be offended with the honest freedom which has always marked my correspondence, I am with great esteem and profound respect,

Honoured Sir,
Yours, &c.
JOHN PAUL JONES.

Monseigneur de Sartine.

The French fleet returned to Brest, bringing in the *Fox*, an English frigate of twenty-four guns, and Jones, knowing that she was fast, at once asked Franklin to obtain her for him, with the *Alert* as a tender. He also wrote to the Duc de Chartres to use his influence to the same end. Dr. Bancroft, meanwhile, had persuaded M. de Chaumont to see M. de Sartine in the matter, and he now wrote to Jones that the minister had consented to let him have the *Fox*, but this letter was soon contradicted by another that stated that the minister of marine had broken his promise, and had given the *Fox* to a French lieutenant. Men often fail in patience toward those whom they have injured,

and M. de Sartine had now reached this point. He wrote to Comte d'Orvilliers that it was his intention to send the persistent American home in a *bonne voiture* — easy coach. Plainly, he wished to be rid of him. Aroused, Jones now gave his opinion of M. de Sartine's treatment of him to the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who met Jones in Brest and proved a sympathetic hearer. To the duke he now wrote:

BREST, 9th Octo. 1778.

HONOURED SIR:

The 21st ult. I wrote a particular account of my situation here to his royal Highness the Duc de Chartres. But that brave prince has himself, I understand, met with unmerited trouble and of course has not yet had leisure to remove my suspense.

The minister's behaviour towards me has been and is really astonishing.

At his request (for I sought not the connection) I gave up absolute certainties and far more flattering prospects than any of those which he proposed. What inducement could I have for this but gratitude to France for having first recognized our independence?

And having given my word to stay for some time in Europe, I have been, and I am, unwilling to take it back, especially after having communicated the circumstances to Congress.

The minister, to my infinite mortification, after possessing himself of my schemes and ideas, has treated me like a child five times successively, by leading me on from great

to little and from little to less. Does such conduct do honour either to his head or to his heart?

He has not to this moment offered me the least apology for any of these five deceptions, nor has he, I believe, assigned any good reason to that venerable and great character, his Excellency Doctor Franklin, whom he has made the instrument to entrap me in this cruel state of inaction and suspense.

The minister has lately written a letter to Comte d'Orvilliers proposing to send me home in "*une bonne voiture.*" This is absolutely adding insult to injury. And it is the proposition of a man whose veracity I have not experienced in former cases.

I could in the summer with the *Ranger*, joined by the two other American frigates, have given the enemy sufficient foundation for their fears in Britain as well as in Ireland. And I could since have been assisting Count d'Estaing or acting separately with an American squadron. Instead of this I am chained down to a shameful inactivity here after having written to Congress to reserve no command for me in America.

Convinced as I am that your noble and generous breast will feel for my unmerited treatment I must beseech you to interest yourself with the Duc de Chartres, that the king may be made acquainted with my situation.

I have been taught to believe that I have been detained in France with his Majesty's knowledge and approbation, and I am sure he is too good a prince to detain me for my hurt or dishonour. M. de Sartine may think as he pleases, but Congress will not thank him for having thus treated an officer who has always been honoured with their favour and friendship.

I entertained some hopes of his honourable intentions till he gave the command of the *Fox* to a lieutenant after my friends had asked for me only that ship with the *Alert*, cutter. He was the asker at the beginning and ought to be so now. He has to my certain knowledge ships unbestowed. And he is bound in honour to give me the *Indien* as he proposed at the first, or an equivalent command immediately. I should very much esteem the honour of a line from your hand and shall always be happy in opportunities to merit your favour and friendship, being with profound esteem and respect,

Honoured Sir,
Yours &c.
JOHN PAUL JONES.

Monseig. le Duc de Rochefoucauld.

Jones's friends at Passy shared his indignation over the bad faith of the minister of marine. On the 10th of October Dr. Bancroft wrote that he had made a strong appeal to M. Baudouine to make M. Sartine come to the point. He wrote, thereupon, that Sartine was ashamed and felt that Jones had suffered an injustice. He said that he had been prevented from acting by the opposition of French naval officers. Now, Sartine declared, he would give Jones a ship if he had to purchase one. Franklin was deeply stirred; he declared through Bancroft that if no move was made in a few days he would show his resentment, and advised Jones to have patience for that short time.

M. de Chaumont also wrote. He asserted that M. de Sartine had sworn that Jones should have a ship; but as if he rather doubted the oath of the minister, he now offered Jones the command of a privateer that he himself owned; but Jones declined the offer. As a servant of the United States, he declared, he would not on his own authority or inclination serve either himself or his best friend in any private enterprise unless the honor and interest of America was the first object. Fully aroused now, he declared his intention of appealing from the minister to the king.

He did write to the king, and an excellent letter it was; he also wrote to the Duchesse de Chartres, asking her to give his letter to the king in person, but neither the king nor the duchess ever saw their letters. Jones had sent the letters to Franklin first, as was always his rule in matters of so great importance; but before they arrived, M. de Sartine had sent to the commissioners a formal promise to give Jones a ship. With his usual caution and great good sense, Franklin now advised Jones to withhold the letters since Sartine had formally promised him a ship. Any expression of his doubt that Sartine would keep his promise Franklin thought would be unwise. And Jones consented. The letters, therefore, remained with Franklin.

Even then it was long before he received his ship. After six weeks of waiting he received an order from M. de Chaumont to visit certain vessels in Brest, with a view to their fitness, and Jones, doing so, reported them unsuited for his purpose. "I wish to have no connection with any ships which do not sail fast," he wrote, "as I intend to go in harm's way." From Brest to different ports he traveled, looking at various ships. At L'Orient, midway between Nantes and Brest, he inspected a large, old-fashioned merchant vessel that had been fourteen years in the India trade, but was now dismantled and much out of repair. She was called the *Duc de Duras*. The next day, which was the 7th of December, he wrote to M. de Chaumont that he believed she might answer. To his report no reply came for two weeks, when the owner, having received other offers for the vessel, gave Jones the refusal of her for ten days. He wrote again, emphasizing the need of haste. A favorable letter arrived, but before the *Duras* could be purchased, Jones received a letter from M. de Chaumont involving further delay. Jones, naturally, became impatient. He set out for Paris to finish the business once and for all.

CHAPTER VII

In the Bay of Biscay

In the journal that in 1786 he wrote for Louis XVI, in which he related the story of his naval career, Jones stated that his decision to go personally to Paris at that time came about through his reading by chance in Franklin's "Maxims of Poor Richard" this saying, "If you would have your business done, go yourself; if not, send." In memory of the chance reading and of the author, whom he loved "as a son does a father," as he once said, he thereupon resolved that if he received the ship, he would change her name from the *Duc de Duras* to the *Bon Homme Richard.*

His journey was eminently successful. M. de Sartine received him amiably and promised that he should have the ship. He would see to it that she was purchased at once. For the agent of the king in the matter, M. de Sartine appointed M. de Chaumont. With considerable influence at court, M. de Chaumont had been the devoted friend and counselor of the American commissioners and of

Paul Jones himself. He was to purchase the *Duras* and would see to the refitting of the vessel and of the others of the squadron. It was in a house on his estate at Passy that Franklin made his headquarters through his long residence in France, and for this house M. de Chaumont would receive no rental. In many other ways he was a generous friend to America and her representatives. M. de Sartine continued most friendly. He gave Jones sole command of the fleet, and not only proposed to give him in addition a large ship of war, the *Maréchal de Broglie*, of sixty-four guns, with three or four smaller frigates and two or three cutters, but suggested that he take with him five hundred men from Walsh's Irish regiments to aid in the land attacks. But since he was to recruit no French seamen, Jones was obliged to refuse the *Broglie* in the absence of men to fill out her necessary crew.

On the 4th of February M. de Sartine sent him the king's formal presentation of the ship, with the announcement that he was at liberty to change her name, as he wished. Jones's reply to Sartine shows the marked change of feeling that the prospects of action had brought to him. The past was quickly forgotten; indeed, it was true of him always that to hold resentment was impossible. Now he wrote:

JOHN PAUL JONES

The statue by Charles Henry Niehaus. It may be seen in the City of Washington, at the entrance to Potomac Park.

PASSY, Feb. 6th, 1779.

M. DE SARTINE, Minister of Marine, Versailles.

My LORD:

I have the honour to receive your Excellency's letter dated the 1st, by the hands of M. Garnier. I take the earliest opportunity to offer you my sincere and gratified thanks for so singular and honourable a mark of your confidence and approbation.

It shall be my duty to represent in the strongest terms to Congress, the generous and voluntary resolution which their great ally, the protector of the rights of human nature, and the best of kings, has taken to promote the honour of their flag, and I beseech you to assure his Majesty that my heart is impressed with the deepest sense of the obligation which I owe his condescending favor and good opinion and which it shall be my highest ambition to merit, by rendering every service in my power to the common cause; I cannot ensure success, but I will endeavor to deserve it. . . .

It has always been my custom to treat my people and prisoners with hospitality and kindness, and you may be assured that I shall ever take pleasure in promoting the happiness of every person under my command.

Your having permitted me to alter the name of the ship has given me a pleasing opportunity of paying a well-merited compliment to a great and good man to whom I am under obligations, and who honours me with his friendship.

I am, in the fullness and grateful affection of my heart, and with perfect esteem and respect,

My Lord,

Yours, &c.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

M. de Sartine had introduced Jones to Count Garnier, whom Jones was to consult in all his plans for his expedition, and soon after Jones reached L'Orient, where the vessels of his squadron had assembled, he wrote to the count, asking him to beg Franklin to allow the American frigate *Alliance* to be added to his fleet. The *Alliance* was one of the fastest ships of her time, and had just brought Lafayette to France, under the command of Pierre Landais, an ex-officer of the French navy. As a compliment to Lafayette, and with a natural wish to please an important ally, the American naval committee had appointed Landais to the command of the frigate, but in total ignorance of the fact that he had been dismissed from the French service for disobedience and incompetence. Franklin now granted Jones's request to add the *Alliance* to his fleet. Both were to live to regret bitterly that it was done.

In his letter to Count Garnier, Jones had said that he was having difficulty in finding the proper cannon for the *Bon Homme Richard*, and feared that he must search for them himself; and having sent Lieutenant Amiel and other officers that he had found at Nantes to recruit sailors for his ship, he started on his search. He in time discovered a foundry in which they might be made, and on

his way back was met at Nantes by a message summoning him to Paris for an important conference. On his arrival he learned that Lafayette, on hearing of his plan to attack the coast of England, had expressed the wish to join him in the expedition. His proposal was cordially received by Franklin and the French minister, and Jones welcomed the addition with pleasure. In the plans Lafayette was to have the command of seven hundred picked men for land attacks, and a larger naval force was given to Jones.

Shortly after Jones's return to L'Orient to hasten the preparations for sea, he received this letter from Franklin:

27th of April.

My dear Sir:

I have at the request of M. de Sartine postponed the sending of the *Alliance* to America, and have ordered her to proceed immediately from Nantes to L'Orient, where she is to be furnished with her complement of men, join your little squadron, and act under your command.

The Marquis de La Fayette will be with you soon. It has been observed that joint expeditions of land and sea forces often miscarry through jealousies and misunderstandings between the officers of the different corps. This must happen where there are little minds, actuated more by personal views or profit or honour to themselves, than by the warm and sincere desire of good to their country. Knowing you both, as I do, and your just manner of think-

ing on these occasions, I am confident nothing of the kind can happen between you, and that it is unnecessary for me to recommend to either of you, that condescension, mutual good will, and harmony, which contribute so much of success in such undertakings. I look upon this expedition as an introduction only to greater trusts and more extensive commands, and as a kind of trial of both your abilities, and of your fitness in temper and disposition for acting in concert with others. I flatter myself, therefore, that nothing will happen that may give impressions to the disadvantage of either of you, when greater affairs shall come under consideration.

As this is understood to be an American expedition, under the Congress commissioners and colors, the marquis, who is a major general in that service, has of course the step in point of rank, and he must have the command of the land forces, which are committed by the King to his care, but the command of the ships will be entirely in you, in which I am persuaded that whatever authority his rank might in strictness give him, he will not have the least desire to interfere with you. There is honour enough to be got for both of you, if the expedition is conducted with a prudent unanimity. The circumstance is indeed a little unusual; for there is not only a junction of land and sea forces, but there is also a junction of Frenchmen and Americans, which increases the difficulty of maintaining a good understanding; a cool prudent conduct in the chiefs is therefore the more necessary, and I trust neither of you will in that respect be deficient. With my best wishes for your success, health and honour, I remain, dear Sir, your affectionate and most obedient servant,

B. Franklin.

The plans of this joint expedition had not been told to M. de Chaumont, and Jones was displeased when he learned that M. de Chaumont had in some manner learned of them. Lafayette seemingly shared his feeling, for he wrote that he considered it unwise to place any of the military part of the expedition on the *Alliance*, as he feared Captain Landais would have trouble with his officers. He had come from America with Landais and had learned something of his quality for mischief.

The matter of getting recruits for the small squadron was beset with difficulties. The recruits from Nantes were unfit and were returned. From among some American prisoners in L'Orient Jones had secured thirty able seamen, but to make up his full crew he had to depend on a number of untrained French peasants gathered from the surrounding country. In the belief that Lafayette's soldiers would be able to keep them in order, he took a number of English prisoners from Brest and St. Malo. It was the best he could do, but all in all, it was, as Jones declared, "as bad a crew as was ever embarked on any vessel." The cannon ordered for the *Bon Homme Richard* had not arrived, so he equipped her with an old battery, placing twenty-eight nine- and twelve-pounders on the main-deck, and six old eighteen-pounders

on the gun-deck. This top-heavy arrangement would cause the ship to roll dangerously in heavy weather, but as Jones said he expected to find smooth water in harbors where he proposed to go, the matter seemed well settled. With the cannon on the quarter-deck and the forecastle-deck, her armament was raised to forty-two guns.

M. de Chaumont had purchased a merchantman named the *Pallas*, and fitted her out with thirty-two twelve-pounders. The *Vengeance*, a brig, mounted twelve three-pounders. The *Alliance*, of thirty-six guns, and the *Cerf*, a fast cutter belonging to the royal marine, completed the squadron. The *Alliance* and the *Cerf*, each in her own way, were the only members that were actually fit for real service.

The soldiers had all embarked, and Jones was waiting for Lafayette, when a letter from him announced that, owing to the fact that the secret character of the expedition had been disclosed to M. de Chaumont, the minister had ordered Lafayette to return to his regiment and refused to let his troops sail. The original aim of the expedition had been the laying of Liverpool under contribution, together with other plans that Jones had secretly perfected with Count Garnier. Now Count Garnier, as adviser of the expedition on

behalf of the French minister of marine, was superseded by M. de Chaumont. As the direct representative of the count, the latter assumed not only full charge of the equipping of the fleet, but took upon himself the direction of the whole squadron.

It was a task for which he was ill fitted, and with the rashness of ignorance he at once proceeded to prove his lack of fitness by issuing orders that destroyed the value of the fleet as a unit. He sent to Jones written orders that he must not demand any services from the other ships of the squadron that conflicted with the designs of their respective commanders. Cotteneau of the *Pallas*, Ricot of the *Vengeance*, Varage of the *Cerf*, and Landais of the *Alliance*, who had been placed on their vessels by the orders of M. de Chaumont, therefore felt at liberty to follow their own ideas without reference to Jones or his plans. Furthermore, M. de Chaumont, by emphasizing the idea that he, as the agent of the king, was the absolute manager of the expedition, increased the impression in the fleet that it was wholly a French expedition and the ostensible commander of it was a foreigner and therefore open to suspicion.

All possibility of unity and harmonious action was now lost; yet, despite all this, Jones made

every attempt to keep his self-control and establish pleasant relations with his captains. Owing to difficulties with Landais, two of the best officers of the *Alliance* deserted before the squadron put to sea, and in the hope of keeping harmony on the best ship in the fleet, Jones allowed the matter to pass.

The change in the plan had really come about through the expectation of Spain's joining in the war against Great Britain, and the forming of a new great invasion of England by the combined fleets of France and Spain. The idea came to nothing, but it destroyed the hopes of Jones's little fleet to sail in a similar attempt to harass England. In the new invasion Lafayette was to have command of the troops used in landing. "I dare say," he wrote to Jones, "that you will be very sorry to hear that our plans have been quite altered. I can only tell you how sorry I feel not to be a witness of your success, abilities, and glory."

Jones was to be sorry for more reasons than one, for with the withdrawal of the soldiers of Lafayette, Jones's ability to control his nondescript crews, with the English prisoners as their chief menace, seemed doubtful indeed. But he now had no choice, and trusting that all might go well, he awaited Franklin's orders. They came in due season. Franklin wrote that M. de Sartine wished

him, before directing his course toward England, to make a preliminary cruise to the south, convoying some merchant vessels from L'Orient to Bordeaux and afterward freeing the Bay of Biscay of the ships of the enemy. It was not what Jones had planned, and was far from his liking; but it was action of a sort, and with the cheerfulness and alacrity that he always displayed when actually employed, on the 19th of June he set out.

On the night of the very next day his troubles with Landais began. The *Alliance* came into collision with the *Bon Homme Richard* through Landais's not yielding the right of way to the *Bon Homme Richard*, to whom it belonged. Both vessels were injured. Landais displayed the most abject cowardice at the moment of action. With no attempt to assist in extricating the vessels from their dangerous position, and giving no orders, he ran below, and in terror or anger, it can never be known which, proceeded to load his pistols. Jones was below at the time, but hurrying to the deck, by prompt action saved the ships from more serious disaster. With justice to Landais it should be said that the officer of the watch on the *Bon Homme Richard* could not have been wholly free from blame, for he was afterward court-martialed for his lack of efficiency in the collision.

Patching up their injuries as best they could with what resources were at hand, the vessels continued on to Bordeaux. In engaging later in the second part of the task assigned to him on this voyage, to drive all English vessels from the bay, Jones, to his disappointment, found that the *Bon Homme Richard* was hopelessly slow. Trouble with the English prisoners also broke out, for they formed a plot to seize his ship; but this was uncovered in time to avert disaster, and the ringleaders were put in irons. One thing the voyage disclosed, and that was his capacity to command. Despite a serious accident and a formidable plot to take the ship, he at once set about increasing the efficiency of his officers. Where weaker men would have despaired and given up all effort, he doubled his activity. No matter how inferior his crew, how inefficient his officers, or how ill fitted his ships, — and it was his misfortune never to have fit ships, — time and time again he made the weak strong, the inefficient capable, and brought a miracle of victory to his cause. An entry in the log-book of the *Bon Homme Richard* throws light on his method. It reads:

"30th June. At half past 7 P.M. saw two sails bearing down upon us, one with a flag at each masthead. Hove about and stood from them to get in

readiness for action, then hove mizzen-topsail to the mast, down all stay-sails and up mizzen-sail. Then they hove about and stood from us. Immediately we tacked ship and stood after them.

"After which they wore ship and stood for us. Captain Jones [It must be remembered here that the first officer, not the captain, "wrote up" the log-book], gentleman-like, called all his officers, and consulted them whether they were willing to see them. They all said, Yes. Made sail after them; but they being better sailers than we, got from us. At 1 A.M. tacked ship."

A written appreciation of his officers and crew on this occasion shows similar evidence of his method of gaining the best possible service from them. Here it is:

"It is with singular satisfaction that the captain returns his thanks to the officers and men for the noble ardor and martial spirit which they manifested last night when in chase of two ships of war, which appeared to be enemies, whom we expected every moment to engage.

"But who saved themselves by their superior swiftness of sailing and by a most shameful flight.

"The ship is now bound into port for a few days, after which we shall depart better fitted; and it shall be the captain's endeavour to search after a

fortune equal to the merit of every man, of every free American and brave volunteer whom he has the honour to command.
Given on board the American
ship of war, the *Bon Homme Richard*
off Port Louis, the 30th
of June, 1779."

It is interesting to know that among those he commended were even the English prisoners who had been in the plot to seize the ship. Seeing his ability, and inspired by his example in action, as his seamen always seemed to be inspired, they fought so bravely and well that Jones specially singled them out for praise in the account of the cruise that he drew up for Sartine and Franklin on his arrival at Croix, near L'Orient, the next day. Of such stuff are great commanders made.

CHAPTER VIII

Delays and Discouragements

The *Bon Homme Richard's* lack of speed had been disappointing to Jones, and his disappointment was now further increased when he learned that her timbers were too old and rotten to permit him to make certain changes in her. On his arrival in Croix he had been met by an order from Franklin to proceed at once on a new cruise about Great Britain in search of British ships. Further orders, he was told, would meet him in the Texel, in Holland, where he was to go at the end of the expedition, about the 15th of August.

Jones reported his disappointment to Franklin, and again asked for the *Indien*. He also suggested a change in the proposed cruise, and Franklin replied that that could not now be changed, but, as an encouragement to Jones, added that he thought the Texel had been chosen as the point where the cruise was to end in order that Jones might then take over the *Indien*.

Jones had been long in getting a ship, and it was with no good grace that he received this message from Franklin. His ship was the slowest of all his little squadron, and most of his guns had been condemned by the French Government; his desire of "going into harm's way," as he had declared, was not likely to prove fortunate with the *Bon Homme Richard* as the only instrument to meet it. Yet he proceeded in all haste to repair his ships, only to suffer from new delays; for M. de Chaumont now sent the *Pallas* and the *Vengeance* out on a cruise for privateers. Any accident to them in the interval, he felt, might delay the whole squadron in its sailing. Another annoyance followed, for M. de Chaumont, learning of the destination of the cruise, had told the secret in L'Orient. "This is a strange infatuation," Jones wrote to Franklin, "and it is much to be lamented that one of the best hearts in the world should be connected with a mistaken head, whose errors may effect the ruin and dishonor of the man whom he esteems and loves." Certainly it was most unwise to disclose plans the success of which might depend on their not being known to the enemy.

There were other matters to take his thoughts from the task of repairing his ship, for court-martials were held to try the two ringleaders of

the plot to seize the *Bon Homme Richard*. They were condemned to death; but to the relief of Jones, who was always on the side of merciful treatment, the sentence was changed to severe flogging with the cat-o'-nine tails. The lieutenant of the *Richard*, who had been in charge of the watch at the time of the collision with the *Alliance*, was also court-martialed and dismissed from the service.

M. de Sartine, through these mishaps, had formed a low opinion of the squadron and particularly of the *Bon Homme Richard*, which added to Jones's anxiety. Doubtlessly Sartine felt that as Jones had reported favorably on the ship, he alone should be blamed, and it may easily be imagined that he looked upon Jones as a nuisance. Jones must have felt this, and the numerous delays must have galled his spirit. Only by some decisive action could he prove his worth.

But the delay was an advantage in the end. Thinking it well to have a force on the ship that could control the dangerous element in the crew, Sartine sent a body of marines under the charge of two officers recommended by Lafayette. A hundred and thirty-seven Portuguese sailors who had lately come to L'Orient on a French ship were added to the crew, and when Jones learned that

some exchanged American prisoners had reached Nantes, he sent his master, Cutting Lunt, to that port to get recruits among them. Many of these men joined the ship, and Jones was thus enabled to weed out many of the disorderly members of his crew. These new men came to be the real backbone of his force. Many had suffered the horrors of English prisons, and therefore were eager for revenge. The most notable addition to this group was young Richard Dale, only twenty-three at the time. He had been captured on the *Lexington* and had been confined in the mill prison at Portsmouth for two years. He had now come to France after a daring and romantic escape from the prison, in which he had been aided by an unknown woman. To the day of his death Dale refused to reveal either her name or the circumstances of their acquaintance. Jones, recognizing in Dale both character and efficiency, gave him a commission as first officer of the *Bon Homme Richard*. It was one of the few happy chances that life brought to Paul Jones. Next to Jones himself, it was Dale who brought success to the *Bon Homme Richard*, an aid, indeed, that Jones never undervalued. Between the two men sprang up a warm and lasting friendship.

The full number needed for the ship was thus

completed, and now amounted to three hundred and eighty men. Among the officers of all ranks there were eight Americans, two French, and six British, which included the commodore and the two surgeon's mates. Dale was first lieutenant, Henry Lunt second, Cutting Lunt third; Lieutenants Stack, McCarty, and O'Kelly, of Walsh's Irish Brigade, were officers of the marines under Lieutenant-Colonel Chamillard and Colonel Weibert. Thomas Potter and Nathaniel Fanning, with about seventy other Americans, were enrolled as midshipmen and seamen, and the remainder were Portuguese, Malays, and Swedes, with nearly a hundred of the English prisoners. Though Jones had been loath to retain these Englishmen, it had been necessary in order to make up the needed number.

Jones did not leave the whole task of recruiting to his officers, and spared neither time nor money to persuade any likely sailor that he met to join him.

Such persuasion was probably necessary in L'Orient, for few Americans were there, of course, and good seamen of neutral countries would fight shy of the service. So beyond the French marines, who were trained soldiers, and the Americans, who might be supposed to be heart and soul in

the cause, the crew was a motley collection of adventurers and prisoners who would always be a menace. Only a man like Jones could have welded such a strange horde into a disciplined body of fighters. Yet under his rule they became trained sailors and as ready a crew as ever fought a ship. It takes genius for organization to accomplish a task like that.

Six weeks had now been passed in port, and the fleet was once more ready for sea. Franklin had lengthened the time at its disposal, and now set the end of September as the time when it should return. Then M. de Chaumont appeared. With him he brought his famous "Concordat," the most extraordinary paper ever written for dispelling any actual hope of success in an expedition. The orders that Chaumont had given when Jones first sailed with the fleet, that he must require no service from the ships of his fleet that would conflict with the orders of their respective commanders, were now fixed and confirmed in the Concordat by the French minister himself. The captains of the vessels were required to yield obedience to the head of the fleet only so far as it suited their pleasure. Other articles provided that all prizes should be sent to agents chosen by M. de Chaumont because he had furnished the funds for

fitting out the expedition. Every member of the fleet, therefore, would have to apply to M. de Chaumont for his share of the prize-money, provided, of course, there should be any.

This wonderful document came to Jones's hand when he was on the point of sailing, and as M. de Chaumont declared that he represented M. de Sartine, the minister of marine, and was empowered to remove Jones from the command of the fleet if he refused to sign, Jones therefore signed the Concordat. "Under any other circumstances," he wrote to the king, "I should have rejected this proposal with disdain. I saw all the dangers that I was incurring, but as I had announced in America that I had remained in Europe at the request of the French court, I decided to risk them all."

Surely no such strangely planned expedition had ever before sailed the seas with the expectation of winning battles. But it did win. The genius of one man was not to be thwarted. Possibly the absurdity of his present situation did more to strengthen Jones's character than any other one cause. Naturally impatient, he was now found to be patient. He had shown courage before, audacity, and an indomitable persistence. Now, having no authority, he patiently strove to re-

place authority by personal power. He held repeated consultations, and by kindness, tact, and wisdom endeavored to obtain the largest measure of concerted action that was possible. Two volunteer privateers had now joined his fleet, and with the seven ships he was at last ready to sail.

Three days before sailing he wrote to M. de Sartine, explaining that the trouble on his ship had been caused solely by the unguarded English prisoners, and gently reminded him that his removal of marines from the ship at the last moment before leaving L'Orient might, therefore, receive the blame for all later trouble. Now that Sartine had furnished him with a new body of marines, he assured the minister that he had no further fear of trouble. He promised to send him direct reports of his progress. Two days later he wrote to Franklin:

> The little squadron appeared to be unanimous, and I believe if that good understanding should continue, that they would be able to perform essential services. . . . I shall certainly sail at daybreak and I hope shortly to find opportunity to testify my gratitude to our great and good ally for the honour he had conferred on the American flag and on myself, and I look foward with flattering expectation and an ardent desire to merit your friendship and that of America.

He wrote to Lafayette an affectionate letter in which he declared his eager wish at some future

time to make an expedition in his company. The next day he sailed.

It was the 14th of August, 1779, when, with cannon booming and flags waving everywhere, the little squadron dropped down the roads. One after the other the sails on the broad yards of the old Indiaman fell and were then sheeted home as Paul Jones stood on the high, old-fashioned poop-deck and surveyed the scene with a happy heart. He was at sea again, and going "into harm's way." His ship was old, poorly equipped, and slow; his crew was a mixed lot, few of whom had any real heart in the cause that sent him eagerly forth; he was the commander of a squadron, yet lacked the first and last essential of a squadron — supreme authority. Measured by any ordinary standard of human responsibility, he might well have sailed that day with a heavy heart. But he was happy. And well he might be. He was sailing forth to his last great adventure, but it was to be one of the supreme adventures of history, a revelation of the spirit of unconquerable man, who, when conquered, refuses to accept defeat, and in refusing wins.

CHAPTER IX

"Going into Harm's Way"

The squadron had sailed at daybreak on the 14th of August, and four days later, while off the entrance to the English Channel, it captured a large Dutch vessel called the *Verwagting*, which only a few days before had been taken by an English privateer, and was therefore a lawful prize for the squadron. The two privateers that had joined the squadron at the last moment, the *Monsieur* and the *Grandville*, had desired to sign the Concordat and join the fleet on equal terms with the other ships, but M. de Chaumont had refused to consent. "This arrogant conduct," Jones afterward wrote, "caused general belief among the Americans, particularly on board of the *Alliance*, that the squadron belonged neither to the king nor to Congress, but to the individuals who had supplied the armament of the vessels, and who were partners with M. de Chaumont in the expected profits of the expedition." In short, the expedition appeared

to be merely an unusually large privateering enterprise.

The privateers, therefore, had been bound to the others only by their voluntary agreement, and now, at the very first chance of securing a prize, broke this agreement to be governed by Jones's orders. The captain of the *Monsieur*, which had sent aboard the captured ship the boarding party, took for his own benefit several valuable articles from the *Verwagting*, and then manned her with a crew from his own vessel and attempted to send her into Ostend under his own orders. Before she could get well away, however, Jones overhauled her, and manning her with his own men, sent her to L'Orient with a letter to M. de Chaumont. For twenty-four hours the captain of the *Monsieur* sulked in the rear, and then under cover of darkness left the squadron and never returned.

On the 21st, off the southwest coast of Ireland, the brig *Mayflower*, freighted with butter, was captured and sent back to France. Two days later, off Cape Clear, the southwest point of Ireland, they sighted another vessel. What happened, Jones wrote in his official record:

"That afternoon being calm, I sent some armed boats to take a brigantine that appeared in the new quarter. Soon after, in the evening, it be-

came necessary to have a boat ahead of the ships to tow, as the helm could not prevent her from laying across the tide of flood, which would have driven us into a deep and dangerous bay situated between the rocks on the south called the Shallocks, and on the north called the Blaskets. The ship's boat being absent, I sent my own barge ahead to tow the ship. The boats took the brigantine [she was called the *Fortune*] which was bound with a cargo of oil blubber and staves from New Foundland for Bristol. This vessel I ordered to proceed immediately for Nantes or St. Malo. Soon after sunset the villains who towed the ship cut the rope and decamped with my barge. Sundry shots were fired to bring them to, without effect. In the meantime the master of the *Bon Homme Richard*, without orders, manned one of the ship's boats, and with four soldiers pursued the barge in order to stop the deserters. The evening was clear and serene, but the zeal of that officer, Mr. Cutting Lunt, induced him to pursue too far, and a fog which came soon afterward prevented the boats from rejoining the ship, although I caused signal guns to be frequently fired. The fog and calm continued the next day till towards evening. In the afternoon Captain Landais came on board the *Bon Homme Richard* and behaved towards me with

great disrespect, affirming in the most indelicate manner and language that I had lost my boat and people through my imprudence in sending boats to take a prize. He persisted in his reproaches, though he was assured by Messrs. de Weibert and Chamillard that the barge was towing the ship at the top of the elopement, and that she had not been sent in pursuit of the prize. He was affronted because I would not, on the day before, suffer him to chase without my orders, and to approach the dangerous shore I have already mentioned, where he was an entire stranger, and when there was not sufficient wind to govern a ship. He told me he was the only American in the squadron and was determined to follow his own opinion in chasing, when and where he thought proper, and in every other matter that concerned the service, and that if we continued in that situation three days longer the squadron would be taken."

This was the first of Landais's many outbreaks. Colonel Weibert has left an account of it that bears witness to Landais's unmanageable character and Jones's self-control under the attack. One can well understand Jones's feelings at the time, but the Concordat had bound him hand and foot. Long afterward Landais's strange actions developed into the insanity which properly explained his con-

duct. It would have been well for Paul Jones if the disease of mind had shown itself before the two met.

Thus early in the cruise appeared the second result of the pernicious Concordat. The third revealed itself immediately after, when Jones was actually compelled to consult with his captains and obtain the consent of his commander before he could send the *Cerf*, the fast-sailing cutter of the fleet, to coast along the shore in search of the two missing boats. Lunt, who had evidently overtaken the deserters, saw the cutter approach, and began to pull toward her; but the *Cerf* hoisted English colors, and Lunt, believing he was in error as to her identity, retreated to the shore, and, being captured, was recommitted to an English prison. He had only recently been freed from one; from the second he was released by death. By this misadventure the *Bon Homme Richard* lost an officer and twenty-two men. To add to this misfortune, the *Cerf*, losing sight of the fleet as night came on, sailed back to France, and while Jones continued to wait on the coast in the hope that she would yet appear with the missing boats, the other privateer in the squadron, the *Grandville*, having made a capture, took advantage of the absence of authority in the fleet and her distance from the guns of the *Bon Homme Richard* to sail off with the prize.

Thus only four ships of the squadron remained, and Jones, unwilling to lose any more time, decided to cruise off the west coast of Ireland, near the harbor of Limerick, to intercept a fleet of Indiamen that were about due. These vessels bore valuable cargoes and could have been captured with ease, but Landais refused to accompany him, and under cover of the darkness abandoned the fleet. So the plan of waiting off Limerick was given up, and Jones took his course round Ireland, taking several prizes on the way. A gale had sprung up on August 26, and the tiller of the *Pallas* giving way in the night, morning found the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Vengeance* alone. The gale having dropped, in a leisurely way the two ships continued their course to the north. On August 31, while Jones was chasing the *Union*, a vessel loaded with ship supplies, the *Alliance* bore in sight, with a valuable prize, the West Indian *Betsey*, in her wake. The next day the *Bon Homme Richard* had come up with the *Union* and brought her to; but before her boats were called away and the *Union* manned, Landais sent a message to Jones, asking if the *Alliance* should send a prize-crew aboard. If so, he added, he would allow no man from the *Richard* to board her. With incredible patience Jones permitted the *Alliance* to

place a prize-crew on the *Union* while he himself received the prisoners on his own ship. It is of interest to know that Landais, ignoring Jones's explicit orders, sent the *Betsey* and the *Union* to Bergen, where, on the demand of the British minister, they were immediately released by the Government and sent to England. Their value was given at forty thousand pounds sterling.

Jones had now taken many prizes, but he was anxious to do more, and on the evening of the 4th of September he summoned the captains of the *Alliance*, *Vengeance*, and *Pallas* to the flagship. Twice since joining the fleet Landais had either refused to obey orders or had wholly disregarded signals, and now again he refused obedience. To Mr. Mease, Jones's purser, who now went aboard the *Alliance*, Landais abused his commander, declaring that he had the lowest opinion of Jones, and would meet him on shore, where one or the other would forfeit his life. To Captain Cottineau and Colonel Chamillard, who now went to reason with him, he had the same answer. Indeed, he was now wholly insane, and the only wonder is that his associates did not recognize the fact and take measures to restrain him. Fortunately for the commodore, whose patience had reached its limit, the *Alliance* immediately after again aban-

doned the squadron and did not rejoin it until the 23d of September. His return was of course a greater harm, as events were to prove.

Another storm came up on September 5, and it blew hard for a week or more. The fleet had been working to the south, and on the 14th arrived near the east coast of Scotland off the Firth of Forth. Here they captured a ship and a brigantine loaded with coal, and learning from the prisoners that the naval force in the harbor of Leith consisted of one twenty-one-gun ship and three or four cutters, his old idea of laying the British towns under contribution again recurred to Jones, with Leith and Edinburgh as his objective points. His purpose, he wrote, "was to teach the enemy humanity by some exemplary stroke of retaliation," to cause the release of Americans still imprisoned in England, and to make a diversion in the north that would weaken the British naval force in the south against the expected coming of the great fleets of France and Spain. Indeed, the great fleet under the command of Comte d'Orvilliers, which France with high hopes had plainly been preparing for years, had anchored in Brest on the same day that Jones appeared off Leith. It had been driven back by contrary winds when near the English coast. Now, in company with the Spanish fleet, it lay in

the harbor of Brest in a pitiable condition. Exposed to untold hardships, half starved, and scourged by sickness, the fleet had been betrayed by the minister of marine, M. de Sartine, through the carelessness or ignorance with which he had equipped it.

Having agreed with the captain of one of the coasting-vessels he had taken to restore his craft to him if he would pilot the *Richard* into the Firth of Forth, Jones sailed back to meet the *Pallas* and the *Vengeance*, which had lagged in the rear. Summoning their captains aboard the flagship, he made known his plan, but found them with small heart for the venture. Although finally obtaining their consent, it required the whole night to obtain it, and then only by appealing to their cupidity. The lure of the plunder to be gained won them over. But action at sea does not stand in with long debates, and the favorable wind had shifted when the conference was at last finished. Jones did not abandon his purpose, however, and worked back and forth off the mouth of the harbor while he waited for a favoring wind. On the afternoon of the 17th the squadron could be plainly seen from Edinburgh Castle, and the report of his presence caused the wildest alarm. Arms were distributed, and an attempt to erect

batteries at Leith was made. On the fleet every necessary preparation for the descent had been completed, and Jones had even busied himself in moments of leisure with the task of drawing up articles of capitulation, which he intended the magistrates of Leith to sign, when suddenly the wind, which was prone to fail him in most of his attacks on his native land, broke in a severe squall, obliging him to run out of the Forth. So great were the waves that one of his prizes foundered.

With the country now thoroughly aroused, there was no longer any hope of success in that quarter, and Jones's ready mind turned to a new project, a like attempt a little farther south, on Newcastle-on-Tyne. But his associate captains had already had too long a stay in the territory of the enemy, and longed to sail for the Texel; they declared that they would sail alone if Jones tarried longer. He thought of carrying out his project with a single ship, but at last gave up the thought. "Nothing prevented me," he afterward wrote, "from pursuing my design but the reproach that would have been cast upon my character as a man of prudence had the enterprise miscarried."

The word "prudence" was new in the vocabulary of Paul Jones. That much the divided authority of the expedition had brought him —

prudence. Now deserted by most of his ships and at odds with the captains who remained, he followed the line of least resistance, and laid his course for Flamborough Head, a little farther south, the last appointed rendezvous of the squadron before crossing the North Sea and entering the Texel. It lay close to the usual track of ships on the coast, and was therefore an excellent cruising-ground.

Taking several prizes on the way south, they came by the 21st of September to Flamborough Head, where they cruised for two days. Early on the morning of the 23d, Jones chased two ships that daybreak showed to be the *Pallas* and the long-absent *Alliance*. During the morning Jones had pursued a brigantine close under the land south of the head, until, about noon, sighting a large ship to the north, he sent Henry Lunt with a party of fifteen to cut out the brigantine while he himself sailed out to meet the new-comer. An hour later a great fleet of forty-one sail came into view around the headland, and Jones knew at once that the long-expected Baltic fleet had arrived. In the van of the fleet came two large ships of war, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*. Calling back Lunt and setting a signal for a general chase, Jones laid his course toward the two war-ships.

CHAPTER X

The Great Fight

To Jones's signal, as usual, Landais paid no heed, but ran off toward the *Pallas*, which had tacked to follow the *Bon Homme Richard*, with the *Vengeance* coming up far in the rear, where she remained throughout the fight, and therefore no longer to be considered. Meanwhile, in the hearing of both crews, Landais had called out to Captain Cottineau of the *Pallas* that if the oncoming fleet was convoyed by a ship of more than forty guns there was nothing left them but flight. With the two ships uncertainly beating about in the rear, Jones pluckily proceeded alone.

Early that morning Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* had been informed that a hostile fleet had been seen in the neighborhood, and signaling to the great fleet that he convoyed to continue its course out to sea, he ran to the windward, to place himself between the enemy and his convoy. Disregarding his signal, however, his convoy had kept

on its course in the hope of passing Flamborough Head before the enemy appeared from the north; but when Jones's squadron came in sight to the south of the head, in a wild flight of terror the convoy ran for the port of Scarborough. The *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard* had been sailing along the opposite sides of the headland in such manner that, without changing their courses, they would meet at a point about six miles from shore. At half-past five, the wind being light, the *Countess of Scarborough* had come up with her consort, and half an hour later the two ships went about in order to keep their position between the convoy and the enemy. Jones also tacked at the same moment, so that he gained the weather-gauge and a position between the shore and the English ships. The wind was light and blowing off the land, and it was seven o'clock before the slow *Richard* came within hailing distance of the *Serapis*. The *Pallas* and the *Vengeance* were near the *Countess of Scarborough* and away to leeward; the *Alliance*, to windward, was out of gun-shot.

Alone with the *Serapis*, the *Bon Homme Richard* appeared at a disadvantage. Old, slow, and with the lighter construction of a merchantman, she carried six eighteen-pounders on the gun-deck, fourteen twelve- and fourteen-pounders on the

main-deck, with eight six-pounders on the upper-decks, and after the first broadside had only those of the main-deck and three on the quarter-deck with which to fight. At the best she could throw only a hundred and seventy-five pounds of shot against the *Serapis's* three hundred pounds. On her high poop-deck Jones stationed Colonel Chamillard with a body of French marines; on her fortunately broad tops he had stationed a large force of riflemen, who were under the charge of Lieutenant Stack of the Irish regiment. His original complement of three hundred and eighty men had been lowered to about three hundred by those sent out to man various prizes and by the loss of the second and third lieutenants, the two Lunts, and their companies.

The *Serapis* was a brand-new ship of about eight hundred tons burden. Built for war, she was of course more heavily constructed than the *Richard*. A double-banked frigate, she carried guns on one uncovered and two covered decks. On the lower, or main, deck she mounted twenty eighteen-pounders; on the gun-deck, twenty nine-pounders, and on the spar-deck, ten six-pounders, a total of fifty guns, or twenty-five in a broadside, throwing three hundred pounds of shot. She had a picked crew of three hundred and twenty

English to contend with the *Richard's* motley collection of about the same number. Captain Pearson was a man of well-known ability and courage.

Slowly the two ships came nearer in the fading light of a beautiful autumn day. The moon had risen, and was casting its pale light over the slightly ruffled sea. In the west the light in the Flamborough Head lighthouse glowed yellow against the darkening sky. On the hills and on the decks of the great fleet anchored under the guns of Scarborough Castle thousands of spectators were gathered. Ahead of the *Bon Homme Richard* lay the *Serapis*, with courses triced up and topsails aback and light streaming forth from her opened ports. Then in that deep, waiting hush a figure sprang to the rail of the British ship, and a voice called over the water:

"What ship is that?"

Jones had kept his ship end-on to the *Serapis*, and now with a quick motion to the quartermaster below him, he gave the signal to put the helm hard to starboard. As the *Richard* slowly turned to port, bringing her broadside to view, Jones parried for another moment of time. Jumping up to the taffrail and supporting himself with the backstay, he shouted:

"I can't hear you."

On the Englishman the lighted ports of the *Bon Homme Richard* could now be seen, and the muzzled guns projecting from them. Quick and near came their hail:

"What ship is that? Answer at once or I shall fire."

The *Richard* had now swung broadside to, but little ahead of the Englishman, and Jones gave a quick command. A line of fire shot out into the dusk from one of the twelve-pounders, and the next instant the whole broadside of the *Bon Homme Richard* thundered. At the same instant the broadside of the *Serapis* had answered. Then another light flashed out on the night; two of the old eighteen-pounders on the *Richard's* gun-deck exploded at the first fire, killing nearly every man in the station, shattering the main-deck above the guns, and blowing a hole through the hull. A smaller man would have recognized defeat then; Jones ordered the ports to be closed and the survivors to be recalled, and dismissed the disaster from his mind.

It was about quarter past seven, and enveloped in smoke, side by side, the ships sailed on. The *Serapis* now uncovered a lower battery, showing the men of his enemy a new superiority. The

Richard had run a trifle ahead of the enemy, and Jones swung in toward her, hoping to cross her bows and rake her, but with her superior speed the *Serapis* now forged ahead, and the broadsides continued. Jones, knowing that he was dealing with an opponent of greatly superior force, now backed his topsails and allowed the *Serapis* to run ahead, meaning to run down upon her and board her; but with some of her braces shot away, the slow *Richard* struck the port quarter of the *Serapis*, and though it was an unfavorable point for boarding, Jones mustered his boarders on the forecastle, with himself in the lead; but the Englishmen appeared in such force on the deck of the *Serapis* that Jones gave over the attempt as the grappling-irons thrown out lost their hold and fell overboard.

For a moment the two ships hung together, and then the *Serapis* forged ahead, with the *Bon Homme Richard* in line with her and just astern. Captain Pearson now backed his topsails to come abreast again. On every count the *Bon Homme Richard* was now hopelessly beaten. Nearly every marine on the poop-deck had been killed; the entire battery of twenty-eight twelve and nine-pounders on the main-deck, with a picked company of Americans and marines under Dale and Weibert,

had been silenced; the hole in the side made by the exploding guns on the lower deck had been so greatly enlarged by the terrific bombardment of the eighteen-pounders of the *Serapis* that in a wide space abaft the mainmast the main-deck lay exposed. Only one hope remained — the small hope of getting a slow and almost hopelessly damaged ship in a position for boarding.

At this moment of great tension, while Pearson was dropping back to get his broadside again in play on the enemy, the *Richard*, by passing close and thus taking the wind out of the sails of the *Serapis*, slowly forged ahead. Then suddenly a flaw of wind filled the sails of the *Bon Homme Richard*, the helm was put hard up, and the *Richard* shot ahead, bringing the *Serapis's* jib-boom between her mizzen-shrouds.

"Well done, my brave lads! We have got her now," Jones called. Instantly the *Serapis* let go her anchor, thinking that the *Bon Homme Richard's* headway would carry her free; but Jones himself had already made her fast. He ordered Samuel Stacy, the master, to bring a hawser, and as the sailing master began to overhaul the hawser, lying in a tangle on the deck, he broke into an oath of impatience. "Don't swear," Jones quietly said. "In another moment

we may be in eternity; but let us do our duty." Then he made the jib-boom of the *Serapis* fast to his own mizzenmast. The two ships were thus bound together. The wind in the after-sails of the *Serapis* forced her around, breaking off her bowsprit, but an anchor on her bow caught in the chains of the *Richard's* mizzen-rigging, and held her fast. Thus they lay with their starboard sides touching, but heading in opposite directions.

The captain of the *Serapis* now ordered his gunners to the starboard batteries, which had not yet been brought into action. The ships were so close that the port-lids could not be opened; so they were blown off with the first discharge of the guns; Dale afterward said that spongers and rammers had to be thrust through the ports of the enemy in order to serve the guns. Purser Mease, who had commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded, Jones took his place, bringing over from the port side an extra gun, so that three were now available on the deck. The mainmast of the *Serapis*, in the bright light, stood out clearly to view, and against it Jones himself directed the fire of one of the guns. Below decks matters had gone badly on his ship, but the fire from his tops had been well sustained throughout the action, and now the soldiers and

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BON HOMME RICHARD

"Captain John Paul Jones ever loved close fighting." — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

marines on the deck, being constantly reënforced by men sent from below as their guns were put out of commission, by degrees cleared the deck of the *Serapis*. The yards were interlaced, too, and the American top-men crossed over and took possession of the main-top. On his own ship, Pearson, on the quarter-deck, stood virtually alone. Hearing at this moment that both Jones and Dale had been killed, the master-at-arms, believing that he was now in command, rushed up from below, with a carpenter and a gunner, to haul the flag down. Happily, the flag and its staff had been shot away, and the three called for quarter.

"What scoundrels are these?" Jones cried, and threw both his pistols at the head of the gunner, felling him as he fled. The master-at-arms and the carpenter also fled to their posts. But Pearson, on the *Serapis*, had heard the cry for quarter, and shouted to Jones, asking if he had struck.

"*I have not yet begun to fight*," flashed back the immortal answer. Any other man might have accepted defeat. Driven from the deck of their ship by the accurate musket-fire of Dale and the marines and the top-men, the whole force of the enemy was now below, pouring a deadly fire from their eighteen-pounders into the hull of the *Richard*.

But the main deck of the ship was now abandoned, and the sides so riddled that the shot passed through and fell into the sea. If their gunners had had the presence of mind to lower the muzzles of their guns and blown her bottom out, the tale might have been different. But they did not, and Jones yet had his chance, and knew it. At this point, when alone on his deck, Pearson had called a party from below in an attempt to board the *Richard*, but a superior force under Jones himself beat it off.

Now for a time there came a lull in the fighting, for both ships were afire, and all hands on both ships were needed to put out the flames. The *Serapis* was blazing in at least twelve places, and the *Bon Homme Richard*, old and thoroughly soaked with tar, blazed on despite all the water that was cast on the flames. The sails and rigging of both ships now caught, and even the main-mast of the *Richard* began to burn; the tub of water placed in the top was ineffective to quench it. Fanning relates how the top-men finally extinguished it with their coats and jackets.

With the fires at last subdued, the fight again broke out. The motley crew of the *Richard*, inspired by the indomitable will of their captain and by the thirst for blood that comes to all

in the face of carnage, fired through the smoke into the faces of the enemy, and with pikes and lances and muskets struck at them through the port-holes. And the enemy struck back. Hatless and stained with powder, Jones stood at his guns, urging his crew on with his carrying voice.

For an hour the fight had gone on when near the *Richard* a shape appeared out of the night. It was the *Alliance.*

"I thought now that the battle was at an end," Jones said, "but to my utter surprise he discharged a broadside full into the *Bon Homme Richard.* We called to him . . . to stop firing into the *Bon Homme Richard.* There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the *Bon Homme Richard*, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; besides it was full moonlight, and the sides of the *Bon Homme Richard* being all black, and the sides of the prize was yellow, yet for the greater security I showed the signal of our reconnaissance by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried out that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed."

A few moments later the *Alliance*, passing to

leeward across the bow of the *Richard*, disappeared in the night. Then another danger threatened. Released by the treacherous master-at-arms, the hundreds of maddened English prisoners now rushed up from below, crying that the ship was sinking. It was the most critical moment in the engagement, and the man was there to meet it. With audacity and presence of mind he ordered them to the pumps and told them that the *Serapis* also was sinking, and the lives of all depended upon them. Dale was there to second him and to beat them back. It seems incredible, but they went to the pumps, and there remained, with only Dale to guard them, while they kept the ship afloat long enough to help the man-tamer Jones defeat their own countrymen. Only one of the prisoners got away, the captain of the *Union*. He slipped across to the *Serapis* and told Pearson of the desperate condition of the *Richard*. Encouraged now, Pearson ordered all hands below for what he supposed would be the last broadside needed, and remained alone on the deck. But it was not to be as the captain of the *Serapis* thought. An American sailor, creeping in on the main-yard of the *Serapis*, threw a hand-grenade down the main-hatchway. It fell on a line of cartridges that had been care-

lessly laid in the exposed position by the powder-boys. Some of the cartridges were broken, and the scattered powder, taking fire, blazed through the line all the way aft. The explosion was terrific. "More than twenty men were blown to pieces," Dale wrote, "and many stood with only the collars of their shirts upon their bodies."

It was the turning-point in this most dramatic of sea-fights. Panic had seized the Englishmen, and it was increased by the second appearance of the *Alliance*. She sailed close under the stern of the *Richard*, and poured a scattering fire of grape-shot into both ships, then passed around the port side of the *Richard*, still firing. She killed several men on the ship, including Mr. Caswell, whose station was on the forecastle. Caswell was a midshipman.

Possibly the second appearance of the *Alliance* hastened Pearson's decision to surrender, for the *Alliance* could now destroy him. As a matter of truth, the fire from the *Alliance* had done more injury to the *Richard*, and many of the Americans wished to yield; but Jones, as he said, "would not, however, give up the point." He was still directing the fire of his gun toward the mainmast of the *Serapis*, which had at last begun to shake. His practiced ear told him that the enemy's fire

had slackened, and he cheered his men on to new efforts. Their fire increased.

The crews had done all that was in the power of men; the issue now lay with the two captains. Which had the greater endurance? Captain Pearson settled the matter, answered the question. He had beaten his enemy, but his enemy would not perceive it. In the face of such determination, his own firmness faltered. To the flagstaff drooping over the stern of his ship he had nailed his flag. He now walked aft to the taffrail and tore it loose from the staff.

"They have struck their flag!" cried Jones, who had seen the act. "Cease firing!" It was then half-past ten.

The shouts that the Englishman had struck ran through both ships, but the gunners on the *Serapis*, on the lower deck, still continued to fire. Dale, meanwhile, with the permission of Jones, went aboard the *Serapis*, followed by Midshipman Mayrant and a party of men. Mayrant was wounded by a pike, the wielder not having been informed of the surrender. Dale relates what happened:

"I found Captain Pearson standing on the leeward side of the quarter-deck, and addressing myself to him said, 'Sir, I have orders to send you

on board the ship alongside.' The first lieutenant of the *Serapis*, coming up at this moment, inquired of Captain Pearson whether the ship alongside had struck to him. To which I replied, 'No sir, the contrary; she has struck to us.' The lieutenant, renewing the inquiry, 'Have you struck, sir?' was answered, 'Yes, I have.' The lieutenant replied, 'I have nothing more to say,' and was about to return below when I informed him he must accompany Captain Pearson on board the ship alongside. He said, 'If you will permit me to go below I will silence the firing of the lower-deck guns.' This request was refused, and with Captain Pearson he was passed over to the deck of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Orders being sent below to cease firing, the engagement terminated after a most obstinate contest of three hours and a half."

CHAPTER XI

The Little Man in Blue

On the quarter-deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* the English officers found themselves in the presence of a little man clothed in a blue uniform that had been torn in the action. He wore no hat; his dark face was grimy with powder. Blood from a slight wound on his forehead had dried on his cheek, but his dark eyes still flashed with his indomitable spirit. As Captain Pearson, after a few preliminary words, surrendered his sword to the man of battle, he said haughtily:

"It is painful to me that I must resign this to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck."

Whatever may be said of this speech, all Americans may be proud of Paul Jones's generous reply:

"Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt that your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner," he said.

There was no time to lose. The battle was

over, but both ships were in desperate condition. The dead and wounded lay everywhere. The smoldering timbers of the *Richard* had again burst out in flames. With only half his crew Jones had to man both ships, force the English prisoners back into the hold, and secure the crew of the *Serapis*. He placed Dale in command of that ship, with a generous number of his own men, and the lashings that bound the two vessels were loosed. As the ships drifted apart, the mainmast of the *Serapis*, which only the interlocking yards of the *Bon Homme Richard* had upheld, went overboard, carrying the mizzen-topmast with it. The *Richard* at once began to draw past the *Serapis*, and Dale gave orders to fill the head-sails and, wearing ship, come up in the wake of the *Richard*. But the ship did not respond to the helm, and jumping from the binnacle, where he had been sitting, to investigate the reason, Dale fell to the deck. A splinter from one of the guns had badly wounded his leg, but until that moment he had been unaware of the fact The sailing-master of the *Serapis* now came aft to inform him that he judged by Dale's orders that he was unaware that the *Serapis* had anchored at the beginning of the engagement. Henry Lunt now made his appearance aboard the prize, and Dale sent

him forward to cut the cable, and then turned over the command to him while he was carried aboard the *Richard* to have his wound dressed. Lunt had come aboard, reporting that he had not thought it prudent to come while the battle was on. Probably he lived to regret such prudence.

After a careful examination of his ship, Paul Jones was convinced that she could not be saved. Her rudder had been shot away, and the rotten timbers in many places were shown to be merely pulp. The *Pallas* had sent a part of her crew aboard, and they worked faithfully at the pumps, but it was a vain task. The 25th was spent in transferring the wounded to the *Serapis*. Early in the morning of the next day the removal of the prisoners was begun. Realizing that they far outnumbered the Americans, they made a dash to capture the ship; they actually succeeded in turning her head to the land. But they were unarmed, and after a brief struggle, in which two were shot, they submitted, though a few succeeded in escaping in a boat. But the *Bon Homme Richard* was doomed. At nine o'clock she was abandoned; at ten she rolled heavily, then settling by the bows went down, and the next instant, as Jones wrote, "I saw with inexpressible grief the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*."

Of the other captains of the fleet, Cottineau of the *Pallas* alone showed courage and professional skill; by his admirable handling of the slow, transformed merchant vessel he captured the *Countess of Scarborough* after an hour's fighting. The *Vengeance* took absolutely no part. Something of Landais's treachery and cowardice has already been told; later he approached the *Pallas*, and found that she had captured the *Countess*. Cottineau asked him if he would take charge of the prize or go to the assistance of Jones, and finally Landais had sailed off, though not to help Jones.

His reasons for his conduct are clear. He wished to sink the *Bon Homme Richard*, and then take the *Serapis*, already beaten by the *Richard*. Even after the battle was over he refused to go to the assistance of Jones. An investigation of his conduct later brought on his ruin. But it is idle to discuss his conduct; at that time he must have been insane.

In the matter of loss on the several vessels, neither the *Vengeance* nor the *Alliance* had any casualties. On the *Countess of Scarborough* four men were killed and twenty were wounded; the loss on the *Pallas* was slight. Jones reported the loss on the *Bon Homme Richard* to be forty-nine killed and sixty-seven wounded; he stated that

the wounded on the *Serapis* numbered more than a hundred, and that the killed probably numbered as many more. As the guardian of the ship's crew after the victory, he was in a position to know more of the facts in the case than Captain Pearson, who, while giving through his surgeon a smaller number in both lists, confessed that there were many for whom he could not account.

During the time that the ships remained on the scene of battle after the *Serapis* struck her flag, a jury rig was improvised for her; and this being at last completed, the squadron bore away for Dunkirk, France. It was necessary to make port as quickly as possible, for Jones had five hundred prisoners aboard, including Captain Pearson and Captain Piercy and their officers, and the moment for bringing about his long-desired exchange of prisoners seemed now at hand. But the Texel had been the port that Franklin in his orders to Jones had named as the destination of the fleet. The entirely unexpected results of the cruise had brought about a new situation, however, and Jones had excellent reasons for preferring to enter a French port. The difficulties that afterward arose concerning the exchange of prisoners and the sale of the prizes would have been avoided.

For a week the fleet had contrary winds, and

the French captains naturally grew nervous at the failure to reach port, for it was certain that a large fleet of British warships were hunting the audacious invaders of English waters. At last they refused to obey orders, and in a body deserted the *Serapis* and turned their ships toward the Texel. In view of the conditions of the Concordat, there was nothing left to Jones but to follow the fleet. On the 3d of October the squadron entered the Texel.

Through the difficulties that now crowded upon him Jones displayed both judgment and courage. The instant that he appeared, Sir Joseph Yorke, the English minister at The Hague, made a demand upon the States-General to deliver the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* to him, to release the prisoners held by Jones, and to order the American "pirate" to leave the Texel at once. As the British squadron that had been pursuing him had arrived off the harbor shortly after his arrival, his forced departure would of course have resulted in the capture of his small fleet.

By the terms of their treaties, Sir Joseph argued, Holland had agreed to return to the British all ships in her ports that had been captured by commanders of hostile ships who bore the commissions

of unrecognized powers. Paul Jones bore the commission of the United States. If the States-General complied with the terms of the treaties, England would get her ships back, and Jones into the bargain; if it did not comply, permitting Jones to remain, it would imply that Holland recognized Jones's commission as one issued by a sovereign power. This would mean a recognition of the United States as an independent power.

The States-General tried to avoid the dilemma. It refused to give up the ships, but ordered Jones to leave the harbor, declaring at the same time that it had no intention of recognizing the American colonies. In truth, Holland was divided. Jones was popular with the people, who favored the recognition of America, and protested against any unfriendly act toward Jones, while the aristocratic party was opposed to him and to the colonies. Whenever Jones appeared on the streets, he received a popular ovation, for the Dutch were delighted with the humiliation that he had brought upon England. Recognizing, however, the insecurity of his position, he hastened the work of refitting his ships. He also went to The Hague to plead his own cause, and obtained the privilege of landing the most dangerously wounded among his prisoners and crew. A fort on the Texel was

given up to the purpose, and Weibert was placed in command.

Captain Pearson had added to his annoyances by protesting against his confinement, and when Jones offered to forward to him all his plate, linen, and property that had been on board the *Serapis*, Pearson refused to accept it from his hand, but added that he would consent to receive it from Captain Cottineau. With his usual superiority to all pettiness, Jones returned the property through Cottineau. Eventually, before leaving the Texel, Jones succeeded in exchanging Pearson for Captain Gustavus Conyngham. On Pearson's return to England he was knighted for "his gallant defense of the *Serapis* against a greatly superior force!" When Jones heard of the knighting, he is reported to have said, "He has done well; and if he gets another ship and I fall in with him again, I will make a duke of him."

The charges against Landais had been made out and signed and sent to Paris, whereupon Franklin, with the consent of the French ministry, ordered him to give up the command of the *Alliance* and return to Paris. He did not return before fighting a duel with Captain Cottineau, whom he wounded severely. Then Landais challenged Jones, and Jones sent men to arrest him;

but Landais, getting word of the matter, hastened to Paris.

Sir Joseph Yorke, meanwhile, continued to press his views upon the Dutch Government, which pressed them upon Jones, who quietly turned the matter over to the French ambassador and Franklin. At last the French Government acted. With Franklin's consent, it ordered that the command of the *Serapis* be turned over to Captain Cottineau, and that all the vessels of the fleet except the *Alliance* hoist the French colors. The *Alliance*, as an American ship, it turned over to Jones. Thus in one moment Jones was deprived of his command and his prizes. Sir Joseph Yorke had no possible reason for demanding the return of French vessels, and therefore dropped the matter. Shortly after, the French ships and the prizes sailed for France under a Dutch convoy and arrived safely. Sir Joseph Yorke redoubled his efforts to force the *Alliance* to put to sea. But Jones was not to be hurried. A large fleet of Dutch ships, under the command of Admiral Rhynst, was on hand to hasten Jones's going, while outside a constantly increasing force of British ships waited for him. But he had found the *Alliance* in a frightfully bad condition, and until she was fit he stubbornly refused to move.

When the French ships of his old squadron had sailed with their prizes and prisoners, the wounded prisoners in the fort on the Texel were of course left behind. These, having now recovered, Jones, despite all orders and protests, sent aboard the *Alliance*, together with the recovered members of the *Bon Homme Richard's* old crew. As he was now preparing to sail, Jones received from M. de Sartine, through the French ambassador at The Hague, a French commission, or naval letter of marque. This would have protected him on his homeward voyage, perhaps, and would certainly have removed all objection to his lingering on in the Texel, but with his usual appreciation of his dignity as an officer in the American navy, he refused to accept any security that came to him through his acceptance of the status of a mere privateersman.

To the almost daily commands of the Dutch admiral that he leave the port at once or display the French flag he retorted that he had no authority to hoist any flag but the American colors, or made no answer at all. The French commissary of marine at Amsterdam, having seen Vice-Admiral Rhynst's communication, suggested that he might forego the point, and display the French ensign on his ship without committing himself in any

way, but even this he refused to do. But his most determined stand was to state to the vice-admiral's staff-captain that he was tired of the daily threats and insults, and would receive no further communications from the vice-admiral. Then he added that the staff-captain might say for him that if the vice-admiral's flagship, which mounted sixty-four guns, were at sea with the *Alliance*, the vice-admiral's attitude would not be borne for a moment. A doughty little man was Paul Jones. The vice-admiral sent no more messages.

At last, being ready, on the night of the 27th of December, he hoisted his anchor and dropped down to the mouth of the Texel, and early next morning, in a heavy gale from the east, he made a dash for the sea. It is said that forty sail were waiting for him in the English Channel, and besides those sent out for that purpose, other ships and at least two large fleets were at anchor under the land. Perhaps no single vessel has ever been more numerously watched. His most likely course in flight would be up through the North Sea and around Scotland and Ireland, and few could have supposed that he would dare pass down through the narrow channel. That being the most unlikely course, because the most dangerous, that was therefore the course that he, being Jones, would

naturally take. He passed down the channel! The same gale that had given him his chance to leave harbor had driven the blockading Englishmen to the north, and hugging the Flemish coast with skill and boldness, he passed them all. Staggering under a great press of canvas, the *Alliance* then ran for the middle of the English Channel. The next day she passed through the Strait of Dover, running in close to the Goodwin Sands, with a large English fleet that had anchored in the Downs in full view only three miles away. The next day she ran close to the Isle of Wight, with another clear look at a fleet anchored at Spithead.

By the first of January the *Alliance* was out of the channel. At different times in her wild flight several British ships of the line had been almost in range of her with their guns — almost; never more. And never once had she lowered the American flag! It was a wild and splendid piece of daring. It was not recklessness, but daring — the daring of a man who could calculate chances and the natural inferences of less subtle minds than his own.

The *Alliance* herself was in a bad way. Landais had nearly ruined her. His stowing of ballast had strained her and lessened her great speed.

She was much overmanned, and carried a hundred prisoners as well, and she had on board two sets of officers, those who had come out from America with Landais, and those who had been on the *Bon Homme Richard* with Jones. Naturally there were jealousies and quarrels. The men of the *Richard* could neither forgive nor forget the conduct of the others in the fight off Flamborough Head. Manlike, the others met contempt with contempt. It was the wish of all except Jones and a few more to reach France at once; but Jones wished more prizes. In a gale he ran into Corunna, Spain. There the ship was careened and her bottom scraped, and on January 28 was to sail again, but the crew refused to weigh anchor till they received a portion at least of their wages and prize-money. They had been paid nothing from the time the *Alliance* and the *Richard* had been put in commission till they reached the Texel. Here Jones had received a small sum of money, and from this he had advanced five ducats to each of the officers and one to each seaman. Some in their anger had thrown the paltry sum overboard. Their discontent was natural.

Finally persuaded to weigh anchor through the promise of Jones to sail direct for L'Orient, the men waited with what patience they could.

Fairly at sea, Jones broke his promise. Calling a conference of the officers in the cabin, he tried to persuade them to cruise for two or three weeks, but they bluntly refused. In a rage Jones dismissed them with angry contempt, determined to go his own way. It is the period of his life that one cares least to recall. But the quarreling and discontent became too great even for his stubborn will to contend with, and on falling in with the American ship *Livingstone*, he gave over the thought of prizes, finding in the task of convoying her into L'Orient a sort of plausible reason for returning to a port where his own promise to his men should long before have carried him.

CHAPTER XII

The Enmity of Landais

The truth is that Jones was an ill man when he reached L'Orient. The long mental strain to which he had been subjected, the subsequent hard cruising and fighting, and the recent exposure in severe winter weather, with officers and crew disaffected to the point of mutiny, had left him broken in health, and possibly explain some of the actions of these days that one regrets to find in him. On reaching port he had gone ashore for a needed rest, but learning that the *Alliance* had been selected to carry to America a large supply of military stores that had been purchased for the army, he set about overhauling his ship for the voyage.

Near the *Alliance* lay the *Serapis*, and the beauty and strength of the ship, as well as an entirely natural feeling of sentiment, awakened in Jones a strong desire to command her. He wrote to Franklin, asking if she might not be purchased

and turned over to him. He expressed the hope that the French Government would pay for the repairs of the *Alliance*, and suggested that it might also give him the *Serapis*. Neither could be done, Franklin wrote in reply, and he begged Jones to be as economical as possible in refitting the *Alliance*.

Despite this warning, Jones made the repairs and changes that his experience and judgment dictated, to the great advantage of the *Alliance*, but with a correspondingly great distress on the part of Franklin when he saw the bills. However, he paid them. Possibly Jones had been for the moment reckless of expense. His disheartening experiences with inadequate ships and equipments may have brought him to the point of revolt on this occasion, and though, unhappily, he was not now to receive the benefit of his careful outfitting of the *Alliance*, the ship herself was the better for it. For her size she had no superior afloat, and under Captain John Barry she had a brilliant career.

Meanwhile the wages of the ship's people had not been paid. Early in April, Jones went up to Paris to hasten the sale of his prizes, leaving his discontented crew on the *Alliance;* and at this point Arthur Lee appeared in L'Orient. His

career in Paris as a commissioner had not been brilliant. Incompetent, prejudiced, and headstrong, he had injured the American cause. At odds with Franklin and Congress, he now came to L'Orient to return to America in the *Alliance*, much to the disgust of Jones. On the departure of Jones to Paris, Landais also appeared in L'Orient, probably at the suggestion of Lee, who had continued to assert, in his hatred of Jones and his equally strong desire to oppose Franklin, that Landais was still the legal commander of the *Alliance*. Landais now sent a demand to Franklin to restore his command to him, an illogical act for one who denied Franklin's power to remove him.

In Paris a brilliant reception had been given to Jones. To the people he was the great hero who had lowered the pride of hated England. The king and the queen gave him audience, and the king promised him a magnificent gold-mounted sword, to be inscribed with the motto, "*Vindicati maris Ludovicus XVI remunerator strenuo vindici*" ("Louis XVI, the rewarder, to the mighty deliverer, for the freedom of the sea"). He also declared his intention, should Congress permit, to bestow upon Jones the cross of the Order of Military Merit, a distinction never before granted to any

but a subject of France. Great men sought his company, and the ladies of the court were proud to receive his attention. Naturally Jones was delighted, though he bore himself with modesty and ease.

Meanwhile Jones had not neglected the business that brought him to Paris, and when, on the last day of May, he departed for L'Orient, he bore with him the positive assurance that his prizes would be sold at once and the distribution made. He also carried with him a letter of commendation from Franklin and another from M. de Sartine, both addressed to the president of Congress. M. de Sartine spoke in the highest praise of Jones, and also declared the intention of the king to bestow upon Jones the sword and, with the permission of Congress, the Order of Military Merit.

During all this time, however, Franklin had been troubled with the affairs of the *Alliance*. He had paid the crew twenty-four thousand *livres*, and had told them that everything was being done to hasten the sale of the prizes; but on May 29, Landais had repeated his demand to be restored to the command of the ship, and had inclosed a letter signed by a hundred and fifteen of the crew who declared that they would not hoist an anchor or sail till they had received six

months' wages and the whole of their prize-money, and "until their legal captain, P. Landais, is restored to us." The last phrase Landais had added. With this letter was another communication from fourteen of the original officers of the *Alliance*, stating that the crew was in favor of Landais. As these officers had been blamed in part for the conduct of the *Alliance* in the fight with the *Serapis*, the cause of their dislike for Jones is evident. They had spread through the crew the statement that Jones had received the prize-money, and was enjoying himself at their expense.

In replying to the letter of the officers, after expressing his surprise that the very men who had testified against Landais were now anxious to be placed under his command, Franklin wrote:

"I have related exactly to Congress the manner of his [Landais's] leaving the ship, and though I declined any judgment of his manœuvers in the fight, I have given it as my opinion, after examining the affair, that it was not at all likely either that he should have given orders to fire into the *Bon Homme Richard*, or that his officers should have obeyed such an order should it have been given them. Thus I have taken what care I could of your honour in that particular. You will, therefore, excuse me if I am a little concerned for it

in another. If it should come to be publicly known that you had the strongest aversion to Captain Landais, who has used you basely, and that it is only since the last year's cruise, and the appointment of Commodore Jones to the command, that you request to be again under your old captain, I fear suspicions and reflections may be thrown upon you by the world, as if this change of sentiment may have arisen from your observation during the cruise, that Captain Jones loved close fighting, but that Captain Landais was skilful in keeping out of harm's way; and that you, therefore, thought yourself safer with the latter. For myself, I believe you to be brave men and lovers of your country and its glorious cause; and I am persuaded you have only been ill advised and misled by the artful and malicious representations of some persons I guess at. Take in good part this counsel from an old man who is your friend. Go home peaceably with your ship. Do your duty faithfully and cheerfully. Behave respectfully to your commander, and I am persuaded he will do the same to you. Thus you will not only be happier in your voyage, but recommend yourselves to the future favors of Congress and your country."

Franklin also directed Landais not to meddle with the men or create any disturbance on the

ship at his peril. Jones had now arrived in L'Orient, and Franklin informed him by letter of what he had done. He also sent an imperative order to the authorities to arrest Landais, who was to be tried for his life for emigrating without the king's permission.

On the 13th of June, having learned of the mutinous letters of the crew and the officers, and received Franklin's letters, Jones mustered the crew and had his commission from Franklin to take charge of the vessel read to them. He pointed out the consequences of a refusal to obey his orders, and asked if any one desired to make a complaint against him. No reply being received, he dismissed them. Then Jones went ashore. Landais, knowing the situation, at once sent a letter to Degges, the first officer, ordering him to take command of the ship and hold it until Landais received a reply from Franklin to his demand to be restored to the command. He said that he would come aboard and assume command on the receipt of Franklin's order.

Degges mustered the crew and read the letter, and they declared for Landais, and Landais, being apprised of this, at once came aboard and assumed command. Jones's old officers on the *Bon Homme Richard* were below at dinner during this last

act, and learning of Landais's coming from the cheering on deck, came up and protested against the assumption of the command by Landais, and were immediately put ashore. Lee must have known, indeed, must have suggested, this action on the part of Landais, for without his approval Landais would not have had the courage to move in the matter.

Jones, meanwhile, had hurried to Paris. On arriving he learned that dispatches had been sent to L'Orient to detain the *Alliance* by force, and repeating the order to arrest Landais. On the 20th of June, Jones again reached L'Orient. The *Alliance* had been warped out of the harbor into a narrow strait called Port Louis, which was commanded by batteries that the ship would have to pass. Franklin's orders to stop the ship had not arrived, but under earlier orders the commandant of the port had stretched a barrier across the entrance and had ordered the forts to sink the *Alliance* should she attempt to sail. On Jones's arrival, a boat was sent off to the ship with the king's order to arrest Landais, but he refused to give himself up.

If Jones had now given the order to fire on the ship, it would have been done; but he did not. Instead, he requested the commandant to let the

ship go. In the absence of the last positive orders from Franklin, this was done. Jones afterward stated that he could not bear the thought of France, the powerful ally of America, opening fire on an American ship, and by that act forcibly endangering the friendly relations of the two countries. Though this had a certain air of plausibility, no break of harmony could possibly have come through keeping the *Alliance* from sailing by holding the port closed by the barrier. Had Jones been patient, all would in the end have gone well; but patience was a quality in which he was lacking. Altogether, he was blameworthy. No doubt he was tired of the ship, and dreaded the thought of taking her home with her hateful officers and crew and the still more hateful passenger, Lee. Probably, too, he still longed for the *Serapis*. The hidden springs of his action are not clear.

At all events, he had now lost his ship, and until Landais sailed, he deluged him with orders that Landais treated with contempt. His personal property, which Landais finally sent ashore, came to him in a disgraceful condition, with trunks broken open, papers scattered, and much missing. Finally the ship sailed, with many of the old crew of the *Bon Homme Richard* in irons. They were still loyal to Jones, and had refused to assist

Landais in working the vessel. To close the matter, it may be said that the *Alliance* reached Boston in August. Landais's queer actions had so frightened the officers and endangered the vessel that Lee, meddlesome to the end, advised that he be closely confined until he reached America as a dangerously insane person. It was done. On his arrival in America he was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service, certainly a light sentence. Both he and his officers deserved far more.

CHAPTER XIII

Storm and Sunshine

The sword that the king had promised to Jones was received early in July. He was delighted with its beauty, and frequently spoke with pride of its cost, which was said to be twenty-four hundred dollars. The *Ariel*, of twenty guns, had been loaned to Franklin to help the *Alliance* to convey to Philadelphia the military stores that had been purchased for the American army, and July was passed by Jones in preparing the ship for the voyage. He still longed for the *Serapis*, however, and dreaming of returning home with this visible proof of his glorious victory, he again deluged his friends with requests to aid him in procuring her. But the French Government was unresponsive, and Franklin, still vexed with him for letting the *Alliance* slip through his fingers, gave no assistance; so, on October 7, at two in the afternoon, he sailed in the *Ariel*, convoying three merchantmen. The day was pleasant and mild, the wind fair.

In the morning the wind changed, blowing fresh from the south. The ship was not yet clear from the land, for the island of Groix lay only fifteen miles to leeward, and soon the wind was a gale, with a mist obscuring the sea — "dirty weather," as sailors call it. The heavy square-rigger of those days was ill fitted to "claw" off the land, and the *Ariel* was soon sagging to leeward, with the Penmarque Rocks dangerously near. Under close-reefed mainsail and foresail the ship was headed northwest in the hope that she might reach clear of the rocks; but the gale increased to hurricane force, and even a storm-sail could not be carried. The sea was tremendous; at every roll the ship dipped her yard-arms under. Then the water began to shoal, and they knew that the rocks were near.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when they let their big anchor go, with thirty fathoms of cable. The great anchor might have been a feather, for all the good it did; it did not even bring the ship's head to the wind. Two more cables were bent on the first, but without effect, and the *Ariel* swept on toward the reef, with the wild discord of the gale shrieking and roaring through her rigging. Drifting broadside to the sea, from stem to stern she was swept clean of

every movable object. At last, with the thought of bringing her head to the wind and bringing her up on her anchor, Jones ordered the weather shrouds of the foremast to be cut. Under the force of the wind the foremast at once fell to leeward, carrying away the other anchor and smashing up the bow badly.

Like a weather-vane, she now swung head to the wind on the pivot of her anchor, since the greater resistance to the wind was now farther aft; but the drift was not wholly checked. Then her mainmast also fell, carrying down with it the mizzenmast, and wrecking the after part of the vessel. As well as they could they cleared the ship of the wreckage, and then waited. There was nothing more that man could do. The breakers could now be seen on the rocks close under their lee. Once there, no power could save a soul on the ship.

They never reached that point, for suddenly the anchor held, and for three nights and two days it continued to hold. For the greater part of that time the motion of the ship was so tremendous that no man of all on board could keep his feet on deck. Thus passively they waited for the end.

It was the 12th of October when the hurricane abated, and the crew could again work about on the vessel. They fitted her with a jury, or tem-

porary, rig, and hove in on the cable; but when it was short, — that is, straight up and down, — they could not break out the anchor from the bottom. It had caught in the rocks, and this lucky chance was all that had saved them. So cutting the cable, they bore away for L'Orient again, which they reached the next day, so near had they been to their port of departure. The three merchantmen that had left port with them were lost, as well as hundreds of other vessels. The coast was strewn with bodies and with wreckage. In the memory of man no severer gale had swept the shores of stormy Brittany. Long afterward Richard Dale wrote:

"Never saw I such coolness and readiness in such frightful circumstances as Paul Jones showed in the nights and days when we lay off the Penmarques, expecting every moment to be lost; and the danger was greater even than we were in when the *Bon Homme Richard* fought the *Serapis*."

Two months passed before the *Ariel* was again ready for sea. In the interval of waiting, Thomas Truxtun, later a distinguished officer of the American navy, but at that time the captain of a privateer, entered L'Orient, flying a pennant that an act of Congress had restricted to commissioned vessels of war. Jones ordered him to haul down

the pennant, and Truxtun refused; but when Jones sent Richard Dale with two boat-crews of armed men from the *Ariel*, Truxtun saw a new light and hauled down the flag.

All the arms for the American navy with which the *Ariel* had first set out having been ruined by water, a new cargo was taken aboard, and on the 8th of December she sailed again. Jones took the southern passage, as his cargo was valuable and his ship not of great force, and the chance of meeting powerful ships of the enemy was less likely on this route than on the more northerly one. When two thirds the way over, however, the *Ariel* was chased by a vessel that at first appeared to be a large frigate, and Jones crowded on sail in the endeavor to escape; but the stranger was faster, and though night fell before she came up, morning found her nearer. There was little wind through the day, but when late in the afternoon the wind freshened and the stranger drew up on the *Ariel*, Jones saw that she was less to be feared then he had thought, and confidently made ready for action. While still giving an appearance of trying to escape, he sent his men to their stations. Both ships were flying the English colors. As his pursuer ranged up abreast of him, Jones, with the intention of hauling down the English flag and hoisting

his own colors, and then crossing the stranger's bow and pouring in a broadside, had given the order to change the colors. Carelessly allowing one end of the halliards to escape his hold, however, the quartermaster spoiled the plan, and the right moment passed. Vessels of war at that time might sail under false colors in manœuvering for position, but they made it a point of honor to fly their own flags when the time came to fight.

The contest, from beginning to end, now rapidly developed into roaring farce. Jones hailed the ship, and learned from her captain that his name was John Pindar, his ship the *Triumph*, of twenty guns, and he himself an Englishman. Jones thereupon ordered him to lower a boat and bring his commission aboard in proof of the last statement, and when he refused, Jones, with his watch in his hand, declared that he would give him five minutes to obey the order or take the consequences of refusing. But Pindar would not; and backing his ship on the weather quarter of the *Triumph*, Jones put his helm up, crossed her stern, and poured in a broadside. Then ranging alongside, for ten minutes he fought vigorously. The *Triumph* had replied with spirit at first, but gradually with lessening force, and at the end of ten minutes her flag was hauled down. The *Ariel's* men thereupon

left their stations to cheer. If Captain Pindar, like *Wearyworld* in "The Little Minister," had a weakness for conversation, he had also, like *Wearyworld*, a great disinclination to remain in an uncomfortable situation. His ship, with her greater speed, had gradually forged ahead of the *Ariel*, and now putting up his helm, Pindar suddenly ran off before the wind before the guileless, rejoicing Americans could get back to their guns. The *Triumph* escaped. Jones expressed his natural resentment of Pindar's action as follows:

"The English captain may properly be called a knave, because, after he surrendered his ship, begged for and obtained quarter, he basely ran away, contrary to the laws of naval war and the practice of civilized nations."

A few days later, on February 17, 1781, the *Ariel* let go her anchor in the river at Philadelphia.

On reaching Philadelphia, Jones was summoned before the board of admiralty to explain the delay in bringing the military stores purchased in France to America, but the summons was dismissed before he could appear, and instead he was asked to reply to a series of questions in regard to his actions after his arrival in L'Orient the year before. Meanwhile, while preparing his replies, Jones sent to the president of Congress the letters he bore from

Franklin and Sartine. On February 27, Congress adopted this resolution:

"*Resolved,* That the Congress entertain a high sense of the distinguished bravery and military conduct of John Paul Jones, Esq., captain in the navy of the United States, and particularly in his victory over the British frigate *Serapis*, on the coast of England, which was attended with circumstances so brilliant as to excite general applause and admiration.

"That the Minister Plenipotentiary of these United States at the Court of Versailles communicate to his Most Christian Majesty the high satisfaction Congress has received from the conduct and gallant behavior of Captain John Paul Jones, which has merited the attention and approbation of his Most Christian Majesty, and that his Majesty's offer of adorning Captain Jones with a Cross of Military Merit is highly acceptable to Congress."

Shortly after this consent was given, therefore, the French minister gave an entertainment to which the members of Congress and many citizens of Philadelphia were invited, and there Paul Jones was invested with the cross of the Order of Military Merit. He was shortly to receive another high honor. Having carefully considered his answers to their questions, the board of admiralty

expressed itself as satisfied that neither Jones nor Franklin was the cause of the delay in sending the stores, and in an enthusiastic message to Congress declared that Jones deserved some distinguished token of approbation. In accordance with this suggestion, on April 14, Congress passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be given to Captain John Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he hath supported the honor of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprises, to redeem from captivity the citizens of the States, who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added lustre to his character and to the American arms.

"That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be also given to the officers and men who have faithfully served under him from time to time, for their steady affection to the cause of their country, and the bravery and perseverance they have manifested therein."

The thanks of Congress, the highest honor in the gift of the nation to an officer, were given to only five other officers in the Revolution, Washington, Gates, Wayne, Morgan, and Greene. Jones,

therefore, had good cause to be happy. A month later his pleasure was further increased by the receipt of a gracious and appreciative letter from Washington himself. Congress, too, about this time, considered a proposition to promote him to the rank of rear-admiral, and though the suggestion finally came to naught, owing to the opposition of certain other officers in the navy, the question of relative rank was settled in another way that was quite as satisfactory. The *America*, a splendid new ship of the line, was at that time nearing completion at Portsmouth, and Congress, in selecting a captain for her by ballot, unanimously chose Jones, thus in effect placing him at the head of the navy-list, as the *America* was the most important command in the navy. In his journal, with admirable good sense, Jones thus commented on the honor:

"Thus Congress took a delicate method to avoid cabal and to do justice. It was more agreeable to Captain Jones to be so honourably elected captain of the line than to have been, as was proposed by the committee, raised at once to the rank of rear-admiral, because Congress had not then the means of giving a command suitable to that rank."

The board of admiralty being now abolished and Robert Morris made minister of marine, Jones was

directed by him to present his accounts to Congress. Since his entrance into the service he had received no pay and only a small part of the prize-money due him, and had advanced large sums from his own purse for the benefit of his officers and crews. The Government now owed him twenty-seven thousand dollars, and in the absence of the payment of this, he was obliged to ask for an advance of two thousand dollars for current expenses before he set out for Portsmouth to take charge of the *America*. He found her still on the stocks, and at once set to work to hasten her launching.

But the work went slowly. Cornwallis surrendered, and the autumn passed, and the winter, and summer was again upon him with the ship still unlaunched. Yet in the little seaport, surrounded by congenial friends, he passed one of the happiest periods of a life that had had too little of happiness. Then once more a bitter disappointment fell upon him. The ship was nearly ready to take the water when the Marquis de Vaudreuil, with a squadron of French ships, entered the harbor of Boston, but lost the *Magnifique* on entering. As a recompense for the lost ship, Congress with that munificence that the poor at times display toward the rich, presented the *America* to the king of France, and Morris with sadness informed Jones. Jones's

high-minded letter in reply made so strong an impression on Morris that he submitted the letter to Congress.

After the *America* was launched, Jones returned to Philadelphia. By a curious chance, the frigate *Indien*, long sought by Jones, was then in that city, and Morris, always his friend, and now doubly anxious to serve him because of the loss of the *America*, tried to obtain her for Jones; but the plan falling through, Jones obtained the permission of Congress to sail with the Marquis de Vaudreuil in an expedition against Jamaica. The expedition achieved nothing, and on April 4, 1783, at Porto Cabello, Jones, having learned of the signing of the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and being ill at the time with fever, returned to Philadelphia.

His future course was now uncertain, for he was still too ill for active service at sea, and, moreover, the United States was now virtually without any navy. He tarried for a while at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, until his health was much improved. Yet even ill health did not lessen the activity of his mind, for while he was yet at Bethlehem he again busied himself with plans for organizing a navy for the country. Many of his suggestions were adopted when at last the nation saw its way

clear to establish that branch of national service. The idea of settling down on land, always a dream of the sailor, and "marrying some fair daughter of liberty," also appears to have been in his thoughts at this period, and he even wrote to friends concerning an estate near Newark, New Jersey, that he desired to purchase. But the dream of a home came to naught, and when early in November of that year of freedom he was appointed by Congress to act as a special commissioner to obtain from France the money due from the prizes taken by the *Bon Homme Richard* and her sister ships in his squadron, he at once sailed for France to take up the task. He was obliged to give bonds to the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and his high reputation for integrity may be easily read in the fact that even in that day of far different values, and in a country made poor by war, he had no difficulty in securing bondsmen.

CHAPTER XIV

With the Russian Fleet

Jones had sailed for Europe in the packet *Washington*. The ship had touched at Plymouth, and for the first time in many years, except as an enemy, Jones was again on English soil. He went up to London to consult with John Adams, then minister, but was soon again in France, where he was cordially welcomed by the king and queen and by the new minister of marine, the Maréchal de Castries. Society also again received him most graciously. Against all the attempts of the French Government to reduce the amount of the prize-money due him and his companions he fought long and successfully, and at last it was paid. One hundred and eighty-one thousand *livres*, or nearly forty thousand dollars, was the exact sum. He made no charge for collecting the sum, but his expenses were set at forty-eight thousand *livres*. His own share of the money was thirteen thousand *livres*. Certainly the amount used for living ex-

penses was extravagantly high, though surely not improperly so in his own estimation. He had always been indifferent to money, though not to the things it might procure, and he had a high appreciation of his own dignity and of the dignity of the nation he represented. The French court was extravagant, and he held his place in it as an equal, and no question of economy was likely to disturb him in such surroundings. Certainly we have now no reason to blame him if Congress did not, for his expenditures were approved by that body.

It was during this long stay in France that he gave one more proof of his activity of mind in circumstances where most men would have given themselves up to the pleasures of the hour and the set tasks that came to their hands. He busied himself with many projects, the most notable one being to engage in the fur trade in the Pacific. His companion in this scheme was the explorer Ledyard, who had sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and the plan was finally dropped because of a lack of money to carry it through. But the keen business instinct of the man who first conceived the idea is clearly seen when one recalls the enormous fortunes that were afterwards made in this trade.

Early in 1787, Jefferson suggested to him that he go to Dénmark to push through a claim for indemnity for the loss of the prizes that his squadron had sent to Bergen, and which were there given up to the British. He had reached Brussels on his journey when the lack of necessary funds decided him to return first to America, where the auditors of the United States Treasury were disputing his large claims for personal expenses in collecting the prize-money from France. On reaching America, his personal explanation of the matter at least satisfied Congress, as has already been stated, and, in addition, that body took the occasion to pass the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That a medal of gold be struck, and presented to the Chevalier Paul Jones in commemoration of the valor and brilliant service of that officer in the command of a squadron of American and French ships under the flag and commission of the United States, off the coast of Great Britain, in the late war; and that the Honourable Mr. Jefferson, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Versailles, have the same executed with the proper devices."

On October 25, Congress passed resolutions on the failure of Denmark to pay the prize claim already mentioned, and instructed Jefferson, now

minister to France, to dispatch the Chevalier Paul Jones to prosecute the claim at the court of Denmark. A few days later Jones sailed for Europe. On reaching Paris, Jefferson informed him that the question of asking him to enter the service of the Empress Catharine II of Russia had been seriously discussed by the Russian ambassador in his absence. Russia was at that time engaged in war with Turkey, and certain reverses to the fleet in the Black Sea had caused much concern in the court at St. Petersburg. At the moment when Jones was about to leave Paris for Copenhagen, the Russian ambassador told him that he had brought the matter to the attention of the empress and she had been favorably impressed with the suggestion.

Jones therefore set out for Copenhagen in high hopes of again seeing active service. He reached the capital on the 4th of March, and received a most cordial welcome from the king and queen and the leading people of the country, but the matter of his business there went less well. The Government evaded the question, and taking advantage of the unfortunate clause in the resolution of Congress that all action should be referred back to Jefferson in Paris, finally declared that it was impossible to act through an agent. Receiving

Medal awarded to John Paul Jones by the Continental Congress

at this stage a definite summons to come to Russia, Jones put the business of collecting the prize-money in the hands of Jefferson, which was all that he could do in any case, and made ready for his departure. It may be interesting to know that Denmark never paid the money. For over sixty years the negotiations dragged on, and in 1847 Denmark finally denied all accountability for the claim. A year later Congress provided for the payment of the prize-money concerned in the case to the heirs of Paul Jones and others entitled to share in it.

At the moment of leaving, Paul Jones wrote to Jefferson:

> While I express in the warm effusion of a grateful heart, the deep sense I feel of my eternal obligation to you as the author of the honourable prospect that is now before me, I must rely on your friendship to justify to the United States the important step I now take, conformable to your advice. You know I had no idea of this new fortune when I found that you had put it in train, before my last return to Paris from America. I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection, and I can never renounce the glorious title of a *citizen of the United States*.

In his negotiations with her Majesty's agent, the only conditions he made before agreeing to enter her service were that he should never be expected

to bear arms against the United States or France, that he should at all times be subject to recall by Congress, and that he should not entertain the thought of giving up citizenship in America.

About the middle of April, 1788, he set out for Russia by way of Stockholm and Gresholm. The ice was still heavy in the Gulf of Bothnia, so hiring an open thirty-foot boat and a small tender, he determined to cross the Baltic Sea, concealing from his boatmen, in view of the almost winter weather, his destination. A strong east wind had driven the ice toward the Swedish coast. Nearing Stockholm by night, his crew, alarmed for their safety, determined, in defiance of orders, to run for shelter; but Jones, drawing his pistols and seizing the helm, commanded them to beat to sea. Others had learned that when on the deck of a ship he was not one to trifle with, and they obeyed. Through a driving snow-storm, though the wind had changed to the west, they ran through floating ice with only Jones's pocket compass and a lantern from his carriage to direct them in their course. The second night was worse than the first. Their tender was crushed in the ice, and their own boat narrowly escaped. Between the cold and the storm and the grim little figure who seemed neither to rest nor sleep, the men were well-nigh helpless with terror.

But, thanks to Paul Jones's seamanship and grim courage, they came through in safety, and four days later landed at Reval, on the south shore of the Gulf of Finland. They had sailed five hundred miles, and those who had known of his sailing at the time supposed he had perished. But nothing ever daunted him when he was at sea; there his audacity was superb. It was not foolhardiness, however. He knew the sea and ships; he had also the grim determination that delights in obstacles for the sheer joy of overcoming them. Now he paid his boatmen for the loss of their tender and for their unwilling services also, and set out for the Russian court.

On the 6th of May the empress received him most graciously and made him a rear-admiral, to his great delight. He said, in writing of the meeting, that he had asked only one favor, — that he might never be condemned unheard. It was the one thing that he was not to get in Russia, though all that lay in the future. For the moment everything was delightful. He was entertained royally by all the notables of the city, with the single exception of the English. There were many of them in the service of the empress, and with one voice they cried out against him as a mere smuggler and pirate. It is more than possible

that Jones was rather proud of the anger and affected contempt of the British. The reason was plain enough, and not likely to hurt the pride of a man who had a high notion of his own merits.

On May 18, Jones set out for the headquarters of Potemkin, who had charge of the military operations in the south. Against his protest, he was to be under the orders of Potemkin, who received him most graciously. The world has never fully decided whether Potemkin was genius or madman; he had all the qualifications of both. He had been a favorite of the empress, and he had held great power. Under his definite orders Jones now entered a campaign that was doomed to fail, for Jones was not a good subordinate. Jones was further curbed by being associated in some undefined way with Prince Otto of Nassau-Siegen. They had already met. Nassau had asked to serve under Jones in the *Indien* when Jones had expected to command that ship, but afterward had treated Jones with discourtesy. He had never succeeded in any undertaking, and now he was to be associated with Jones.

The object of their campaign was to capture the city of Otchakoff. It lay on the Turkish frontier (on the Liman, an estuary at the mouth of the Dneiper River), not far from Odessa, and so long

as it remained in the hands of the Turks menaced Russian communications. It was strongly fortified and garrisoned, and had in addition a fleet of a hundred and twenty armed vessels of all sizes, under the command of a distinguished admiral. Leaving Potemkin, in company with one of his staff-officers, Jones proceeded to Kherson, the principal Russian naval station in that region. Here the chief of admiralty treated him with indifference, and though he had been ordered by Potemkin to give Jones all the particulars of the situation, he really told nothing. On arriving at Glubora the next day Jones had a new disappointment. His fleet consisted of fifteen vessels, and all were badly built and wholly unsuitable. At anchor with the fleet was a large flotilla of gunboats, each carrying a single heavy gun and often smaller pieces, manned by thirty or forty men, and propelled mainly by oars. This flotilla Nassau commanded, and though Jones had been told that he was to have charge of all naval operations in the campaign, he now found that Nassau's command was independent. He was simply coöperating with Jones, which might mean anything or nothing. It was, as he saw at once clearly, an unlikely path to glorious achievements.

Jones went at once aboard the *Wolodimer*, his

flagship. The squadron had been previously under the command of a Greek named Alexiano, and Jones found that he had attempted to persuade the captains of the fleet to refuse to recognize his authority. They would not agree, and Alexiano submitted with very ill grace. On the same evening, June 6, 1788, Jones hoisted his rear-admiral's flag. General Suvoroff was in command of a strong fortress at Kinburn, on the bank of the Liman opposite Otchakoff, but it lay too far inland to be really effective. Jones had gone to view the situation of the town on the day of his arrival, and his keen military sense at once saw the necessity of placing a strong battery at the end of Kinburn Point. He told Suvoroff, and Suvoroff immediately acted upon his advice, and generously gave Jones all the credit, though his own neglect to place a battery there was a reflection on his own skill. Before the guns were placed, the Turkish admiral, with twenty-one frigates and sloops of war and a few smaller crafts, took up his position in the Liman, off Otchakoff. A flotilla of gunboats about equal in number to the Russian flotilla followed him. Larger Turkish vessels, unable to enter the shoal waters of the Liman, lay to the west of the city, and took no part in the action.

On the 9th of June, the squadron, having re-

ceived on board a strong reinforcement of soldiers, took up its position near the entrance to the Liman, forming a long line that would enable it to pour a cross fire on ships approaching from Otchakoff. Thus stationed, it commanded the approach from the sea, protected the naval station at Kherson, and would be able to support Potemkin's troops when they advanced to the attack of Otchakoff. Near the squadron lay the Russian flotilla, under the command of Nassau. On the afternoon of June 18, the Turkish flotilla advanced in two divisions against the Russian flotilla on its right flank, which almost at once gave ground. On account of shoal water, the squadron had not been able to enter into the action, but Jones left his flagship and went to Nassau's galley, being unable to stand idly by when fighting was under way. He found Nassau completely unstrung and bent on retreat, but Jones protested, and, Nassau not objecting, he proceeded to take command. Bringing up the unengaged part of the flotilla in such fashion that he was likely to bring the Turkish fleet between two fires and cut off its retreat, Jones brought about the instant flight of the enemy. Two of their gunboats were captured.

As the engagement had been fought by the flotilla alone, Nassau insolently reported its success

to Potemkin as due to himself solely, and in contemptuous silence Jones let the claim pass undisputed.

A few days later the Russian army advanced to besiege the city, and as a counter-movement the Turkish commander of the fleet began operations against Jones's squadron. The wind was fair for him, and as his squadron bore down upon the Russians, Nassau's courage again vanished and he clamored to retreat; but Jones, paying no heed to him, weighed anchor and waited for the Turks to draw near. Shortly after midday, however, the Turkish flagship grounded on the shoals off the south bank of the Liman, and the advance was immediately arrested, with the whole Turkish squadron anchoring about the flagship.

A council was called aboard the *Wolodimer*, and Jones finally persuaded his Russian captains to attack the Turks. During the night the wind had shifted about, now giving the Russians the fair wind, and at daybreak on the 29th of June their squadron bore down on the Turks, with the *Wolodimer* in the lead. The flagship of the Turks had been floated, but their ships were unskillfully grouped together, and as Jones led his ships down at an angle that permitted his whole fleet to get into action and surround the huddled ships of the

enemy, taken by surprise by the audacity of the approach, the Turks were thrown into confusion, and the flagship and the ship of the second Turkish officer went aground. Neither could make any return of the heavy fire that was now centered upon them, and both struck their colors, and were abandoned by their crews. The other ships of the squadron fled back to Otchakoff. As the *Wolodimer* neared the stranded flagship of the Turks, Alexiano, the Greek who had formerly commanded the *Wolodimer* and was now serving under Jones, let go her anchor. Jones was ignorant of the action until his ship stopped.

The Turkish commander, who was certainly no coward, had hoisted his flag in the meanwhile on one of the gunboats of the flotilla, and now returned to the fight, pouring in a vigorous fire upon the right wing of the Russian squadron. With their flagship anchored, the Russian squadron was now in great peril. One of its frigates, the *Little Alexander*, was set on fire and blown up. The deep-draft ships of the squadron could not approach the Turkish flotilla, which kept in shoal water, and their light guns were ineffective against the heavier guns of the flotilla. The heavy guns of the Russian flotilla were now desperately needed, but they had loitered behind in a disorderly for-

mation, and to Jones's dispatch to Nassau to come up, no attention whatever was paid.

Again, therefore, was Jones forced to take himself on board Nassau's galley. He found him far in the rear, well out of harm's way, and set on attacking the two stranded ships, now of course defenseless, as they lay heeled over on the shoals. Unable to get him to act, Jones appealed to his second in command, Brigadier Corsakoff, and he, with more courage, brought the flotilla into action, and after a desperate fight drove off the Turkish flotilla with great loss to the latter. Jones had returned to the *Wolodimer*, — both trips were made through a furious fire, — but before he got under way, Nassau, with a few of his gunboats, had surrounded the two stranded ships and set fire to them with bombs. It was an unpardonable act; it was a childish destruction of property. The two ships were in the power of the squadron, and would have been valuable additions to it. With the destruction of the two ships, no trophy of a decided victory remained in the hands of the victors but the flag of the Turkish admiral.

It was now late in the afternoon, but Jones gave orders to move on Otchakoff and strike a final blow at the Turkish fleet before it could recover. Now, however, Nassau preferred to remain where

he was. Disregarding him as usual, Jones proceeded with the squadron as near to Otchakoff as the shallow water permitted, and then anchored his ships across the channel. Turkish ships attempting to escape would find it necessary to pass under the guns of the squadron and of the battery on Kinburn Point, which, by the way, as has already been related, was placed in that position by the advice of Jones. Nassau's flotilla in the end came up, and massed itself on the right flank of the squadron. The Turkish squadron and flotilla lay under cover of the Otchakoff fortifications. There was nothing, therefore, for Jones to do but to wait.

But he was not one to wait in idleness. In order to get a more certain knowledge of the lay of the land, just before sunset he passed along the whole Turkish line in a small boat, taking soundings of the depth of the water. It was both impudent and reckless. He was well within range of the guns of the forts and the fleet, yet not a gun was fired.

That night the Turkish commander attempted to work out of the harbor and escape. Trying to avoid both the ships of Jones's squadron and the battery on Kinburn Point, nine of his largest ships ran aground. A few of the fleet passed

safely and the others returned to the protection of the forts of the city. Morning disclosed the plight of the nine ships that had grounded. General Suvoroff, who had in person commanded the battery on Kinburn Point that night, signaled to Jones to take possession of them; but when he was about to send a light-draft frigate for that purpose, Alexiano informed him that the ebb tide at the place where the ships had grounded ran like a mill-race, and was therefore dangerous for a sailing vessel, Jones, upon the advice of his captains, turned over the task of taking possession of the ships to the flotilla. With the consent of Jones, Alexiano went in with Nassau.

When they came within range, the gunboats of the flotilla opened fire, but the Turks made no reply; for, heeled over on the shoals as they were, the ships could not bring their guns to bear. There was nothing for them to do but surrender, and this they did. Nassau paid no attention. He continued his fire; and when he realized the helpless state of the stranded ships, he drew nearer, and resorted to bombs, firing the ships. Imploring mercy, the wretched Turks knelt on the decks and even made the sign of the cross in their efforts to touch the hearts of their foes. It was all in vain. They were in the power of ruthless bullies

and cowards; in a galley, at a safe distance in the rear of the attacking gunboats, Nassau and Alexiano, who had ordered the butchery, sat and rejoiced in the awful spectacle. Seven ships were burned and three thousand Turks were wantonly murdered. Two ships alone escaped, and were later added to the squadron. Immediately after the destruction of the vessels, Nassau forwarded a report of their operations to Potemkin, claiming that the flotilla — their flotilla — had burned nine ships of the line and captured two.

Jones had viewed the scene with horror and wonder. He could fight to the last against brave men who fought back, but when the fight was over, and the enemy in his power, he was the most merciful of men. It was the turning-point with Jones. At the beginning he appears to have tried to work in harmony with Nassau, but Nassau's inefficiency, his lack of character, his cowardice, his utter inability to perform the most ordinary maneuvers with his flotilla, almost at once stirred Jones's impatience and scorn. And now this heartless cruelty! He could no longer conceal his scorn and contempt. He was soon to have added to all this an acute sense of injustice.

For Potemkin, who at this time was fond of Nassau, gave him the whole credit of the successes

that were due to Jones, and to Jones alone. Such was the report that he dispatched to the empress, in his regard for Nassau suppressing all reference to the wholesale destruction of the ships which would have been a valuable addition to the Black Sea squadron. With a perverted sense of fairness and justice, he said in his report that Jones had also done his duty.

For ten days the fleet remained inactive while it waited for Potemkin to invest Otchakoff. On the night of the 8th of July, being at last ready to move, he sent orders to Nassau to destroy the Turkish flotilla under the walls of the city. Jones received orders to give all possible assistance. For a few days the weather made action impossible, but on the night of the 12th the advance was begun. It was impossible to use his ships in the shoal water, but Jones manned his boats, to be used in towing the gunboats.

At daybreak the Russian gunboats opened fire. After towing those in his charge to a favorable position, Jones led the boats of the *Wolodimer* against five of the Turkish galleys that lay within the range of the fort built at the extreme point below the city called Fort Hassan. The galleys lay between the fire of Fort Hassan and the Russian flotilla, and were covered by the guns of the Turkish

flotilla and those of the citadel of Otchakoff. An attack on them, therefore, was a hazardous venture. Jones was far in advance of the flotilla, which, with Nassau in command, showed their usual reluctance to go into danger. Despite a hot fire, Jones made for the nearest galley, and captured it by boarding after a furious hand-to-hand fight. Turning the captured galley over to a lieutenant, with orders to tow her to safety, Jones moved against the next galley, which by chance was the galley of the admiral of the Turkish squadron. The boat lay near the fort and was desperately defended by its crew, but nothing could withstand the inspiring leadership of Jones in battle, and the galley was presently surrendered. Her cable was cut without orders, and she grounded under the walls of Fort Hassan, the object of a withering fire.

Being eager to bring her out as a prize, Jones lightened her as much as possible and sent to the flagship for a kedge, a small anchor, with which to haul her off the shoal. While waiting for this, he manned the boats and tried to bring up the Russian flotilla. Partly succeeding, three other galleys of the enemy struck their flags, and the rest of the Turkish flotilla retreated with heavy loss. The kedge had now been brought, but before anything could be done in the matter of hauling off the

captured galley, fire was seen breaking out on the two gunboats that Jones had previously captured. Alexiano had again been at work; he had ordered them to be fired. The three other captured gunboats shared the same fate. On the five galleys only fifty-two prisoners, whom Jones himself brought off in his own boats, were saved. These galleys were propelled by oars, and the rowers were slaves and most probably captive Christians. They perished with the Turks that remained on board after the surrender. Two ships were burned under the walls of Fort Hassan. The remainder of the flotilla did nothing.

Thus ended Jones's naval adventures with the Russian fleet. In three weeks he had fought four engagements, all personally directed by him. With fifteen ships against twenty-one, he had yet destroyed thirteen of the Turkish squadron and many galleys. A few ships had escaped; a few had sought shelter in the harbor. The Turkish naval force in the Liman was virtually crushed. Eleven ships might have been prizes had it not been for Nassau, who in his cowardice turned only to destruction. Everything had been done by Jones. Nassau had always skulked until fighting was well over, and then had been quick to destroy the fruit of the victory of others. Yet now he and

Alexiano hastened to Potemkin with their perverted reports, and Potemkin received them with favor. Jones had been ignorant of their going, and he took no steps to set matters right. In due time he made his own report of the battle in the accustomed way. His report was suppressed. It is doubtful if the empress ever knew the truth of the matter.

Two day later Alexiano returned to the flagship, and on July 19 he died, stricken with fever. On the day of his death the empress granted him a large estate. At the same time Nassau received from her hand a valuable estate, with thousands of serfs, and the military order of St. George. The empress also directed him to hoist a vice-admiral's flag on the surrender of Otchakoff. Paul Jones received the minor order of St. Anne, and nothing more. So things were ordered in Russia at the close of the eighteenth century.

There is little more to relate concerning the campaign. It is clear that the failure to give Jones his due lay at the door of Potemkin. There was nothing to draw the two together, for Potemkin was difficult, and Jones no courtier. Potemkin preferred Nassau, and though he shortly dismissed him from his command, it was not to Jones's gain. Littlepage, the American, who had accepted the

command of one of the ships of the squadron, unable to endure a situation that was intolerable, threw up his command and departed. On leaving he wrote to Jones:

"Farewell, my dear Admiral; take care of yourself, and look to whom you trust. Remember that you have rather to play the part of a politician than a warrior — more of a courtier than a soldier."

It was a part Paul Jones was ill fitted to play. The situation between him and Potemkin grew more and more strained. Their correspondence took on a caustic tone; Potemkin wrote an impudent letter at last, and Jones replied hotly. On the 28th of October, Potemkin relieved him from his command. The letter advising him of this stated that the empress desired his service in Northern waters, but this was merely a pretext.

It is not pleasant to dwell upon Jones's career in Russia. He had shown anew his valor and his power to inspire his men with something of his own spirit; he had displayed the highest order of skill and genius to direct large movements: but in the Russia of that time it had all gone for naught. One turns from the story with relief. He returned to St. Petersburg from the Liman, but there his old popularity had waned. Potemkin was secretly against him; Nassau and the English of the

court circle were openly against him; and the empress would not receive him. Through a letter from Jefferson he now became aware that all his correspondence since he had been in the Russian service had been intercepted. Examining the official records, he learned that the reports of his actions on the Liman had been falsified. Now once more in St. Petersburg, he was to be vilely slandered, and though in the end he was to be fully vindicated (mainly through the untiring zeal and devotion of M. de Ségur, the French ambassador to St. Petersburg), and the empress was to receive him graciously before his departure and declare that she was granting him permission to absent himself for a brief time only, he was never to be called back to her service. Journeying slowly, he stopped for a while at Warsaw, visited Vienna and London, and in May he was back in Paris.

CHAPTER XV

Friendships and Honors

The dark shadow of the cloud that was to deluge all France with woe had already crept over the dear city where he had passed some of the happiest years of his life, and with all his broken hopes and keen disappointments, and now, too, with the shadow of failing health darkening his spirit, he took his quiet place in the troubled and broken life of the city. Yet the time for him was not wholly unhappy. His needs were simple now in this simpler period, and he had enough to provide for them. He busied himself with his journals and in arranging his papers, and as ever he continued his loved correspondence. At times he visited the Sorbonne for pleasant talk with congenial scholars. He lived in a comfortable house in the rue de Tournon, and his physician, the physician of the queen, by the way, was one of the best in France. Gouverneur Morris, then the American minister to France, was his warm friend; he had other warm friends as well.

He was now to learn at first hand of a new kind of liberty — a liberty that for him had no appeal. In a general way his sympathies had always gone out to struggling humanity, but in truth he was a born ruler both in instinct and through a lifelong practice of absolute control on the quarter-deck of a ship. The training of years as a commander had strengthened an instinct for authority and order and discipline in Paul Jones. With sad foreboding he saw France falling into unbridled license in her struggle for a kind of liberty that made no appeal to his nature. So little by little he drifted away from the troubled life about him, more and more taken up with his own alarming condition.

The disease, which had been rapidly spreading through his body, grew more threatening in July, and on the afternoon of the 18th, Gouverneur Morris himself drew up his will. His intimate friends were the witnesses, and when he signed the document it was not as the commodore or the chevalier or the admiral, titles long dear to his fame-loving heart, but as "John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States." His property, thirty thousand dollars in value, he devised to his two surviving sisters and their children.

Early that same evening his friends left him,

still seated in an arm-chair in his drawing-room. A little later his physician called. He found the chair empty. The door of the bedroom adjoining was open, and he walked into the room. Prone on the bed the great warrior-sailor, at the age of forty-five, lay dead.

The place of his burial had long been forgotten when General Horace Porter entered upon his duties as American ambassador to France. Moved, as he said, by a deep sense of humiliation that America's first and most fascinating naval hero lay in an unknown and forgotten spot, General Porter began in 1899 the patriotic task of locating it. The certificate of burial had been registered; but the certificate, with other records, had been burned by the Commune in 1871. Fortunately, however, Mr. Charles Read, an archæologist and author of note, being also interested in the matter, before the destruction of the certificate had made a copy of it, and further researches by him had led him to believe that the burial had been in the Protestant cemetery of St. Louis, long since abandoned and built over. It is unnecessary to go into details, but after a long search by General Porter the body was found and brought home, to lie at last in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis as the most fitting place for it to rest.

THE CHAPEL AT ANNAPOLIS

In this beautiful chapel, in the grounds of our great Naval Academy, the body of Admiral John Paul Jones now rests.

Physically, Paul Jones was by no means a commanding figure. He was slender in frame and only five feet and five inches in height, and even this inconsiderable stature was lessened by a slight stoop of his shoulders. But his brow was broad and full, his eyes were dark and piercing, with a look of high courage and an honest directness of gaze. His nose was prominent, well shaped, and sensitive, and his cheek-bones were high. His mouth was large, but well modeled, and his chin was strong. Though his shoulders stooped slightly, he carried his head high. But mere size alone does not influence followers, and in the fury of battle no more commanding figure than Paul Jones ever swayed men to his will. The personification of courage and relentless determination at such moments, some rare quality in his personality then welded the skulkers, the disaffected, and the brave into a harmonious whole that became in a way the embodiment of his own spirit.

In bearing he was graceful and wholly at ease. He carried himself with dignity in any society, and by a lifelong and diligent cultivation of his mind he was always able to give in full value the equivalent of all that he received. He did not, therefore, hold his place in social life merely as the lion of the hour, but because of his fitness for it.

In a time when the sailor or the warrior was supposed to use strange oaths and plain speech, Paul Jones was both clean-mouthed and clean-hearted. His letters disclose the same quality of cleanness. He made friends with the great, and kept them. If he also made enemies, he had also the generous qualities of forgiveness and forbearance. He did not hold anger or hatred.

As a commander of single ships he was remarkable. He never acknowledged defeat, and continued to fight on with his poor ships and poorer crews; and in the end, victory, worn down by his persistency, came to him. But he was more than this, more than mere fighter; he was even greater as an adroit and skillful commander. And even beyond these great qualities he had the splendid ability that could mold principles and policies for the betterment of his high calling. All in all, he was both a great sailor and a great man.

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